

The Sketch



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WEDNESDAY, JUNE 10, 1903.

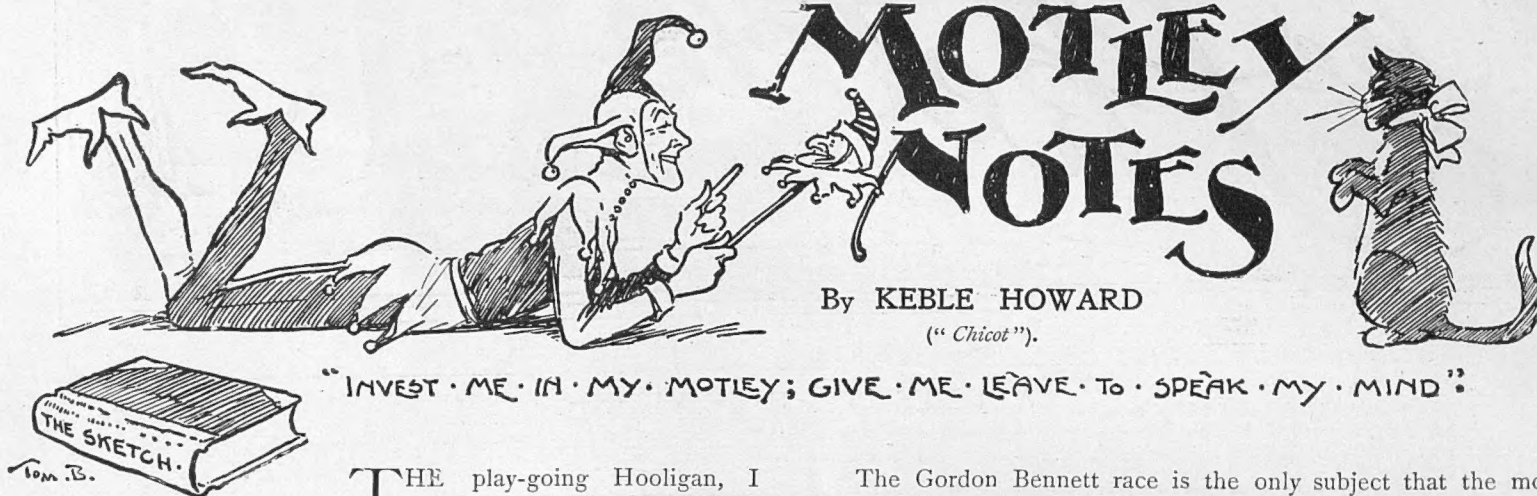
SIXPENCE.



MISS MARY GARDEN,

WHO SANG THE PART OF JULIETTE AT COVENT GARDEN WITH GREAT SUCCESS ON SATURDAY EVENING LAST.

Photograph by Cautin and Berger, Paris. (See "Key-Notes.")



THE play-going Hooligan, I suspect, is beginning to be very sorry that he howled and hissed at Mr. Edmund Maurice on the first-night of the revival of "Trilby" at His Majesty's. In the first place, so far from injuring the actor, he has given him one of the best advertisements a man could desire. Worse than that, however, he has at last convinced people that his opinion is not worth a rush. No longer will he be able to read in his morning paper, "There were some sounds of dissatisfaction at the close"; no longer will Mr. Carl Hentschel say nice things about him on the Sabbatarian platform at the Criterion Restaurant. The *Daily Telegraph* knocked him down on Thursday last, and the other papers have been trampling on him ever since. Even the *Referee*, that staunch supporter of "the rights of the first-nighter," has turned its back upon the Hooligan now that he has given the game away. As for Mr. Edmund Maurice—an excellent portrait of whom the play-going Hooligan will find on page 285—he has every reason to follow up his idea of leaping pit-barriers. There is one fly in his milk, however. From information received, it seems quite likely that the very ladies whom he endeavoured to protect on that historic night at the Criterion were female Hooligans.

It was unfortunate for Mr. Bart Kennedy that the disturbance at His Majesty's took place on the very day that his article in defence of the galleryite appeared in the *Daily Mail*. In that article Mr. Kennedy said: "The people of the gallery know a good thing when they see it." They certainly recognised Mr. Edmund Maurice. Again, Mr. Kennedy maintained that "the only real safeguard that the art of the English stage possesses to-day is the gallery." If the gallery continues to tolerate a front-row of Hooligans, the English stage will not possess even that safeguard much longer. But Mr. Bart Kennedy, I fear, will not agree with me on this point. He thinks that no treatment can be too severe for an actor who fails to please his audience. "Those were the good old days," he says, "when direct chastisement fell upon bad actors." In the case of the Criterion fuss, the direct chastisement, I believe, fell upon the Hooligan. It was the Hooligan who scuttled, not the actor. And yet there were only three policemen opposing them. What a lovely chance they missed on that night of directly chastising Mr. Edmund Maurice! The worst of it is—from Mr. Kennedy's point of view—that Mr. Maurice and other actors of the present day rather incline towards the muscular. I frankly admit that I should not care to undertake the direct chastisement of Mr. Maurice.

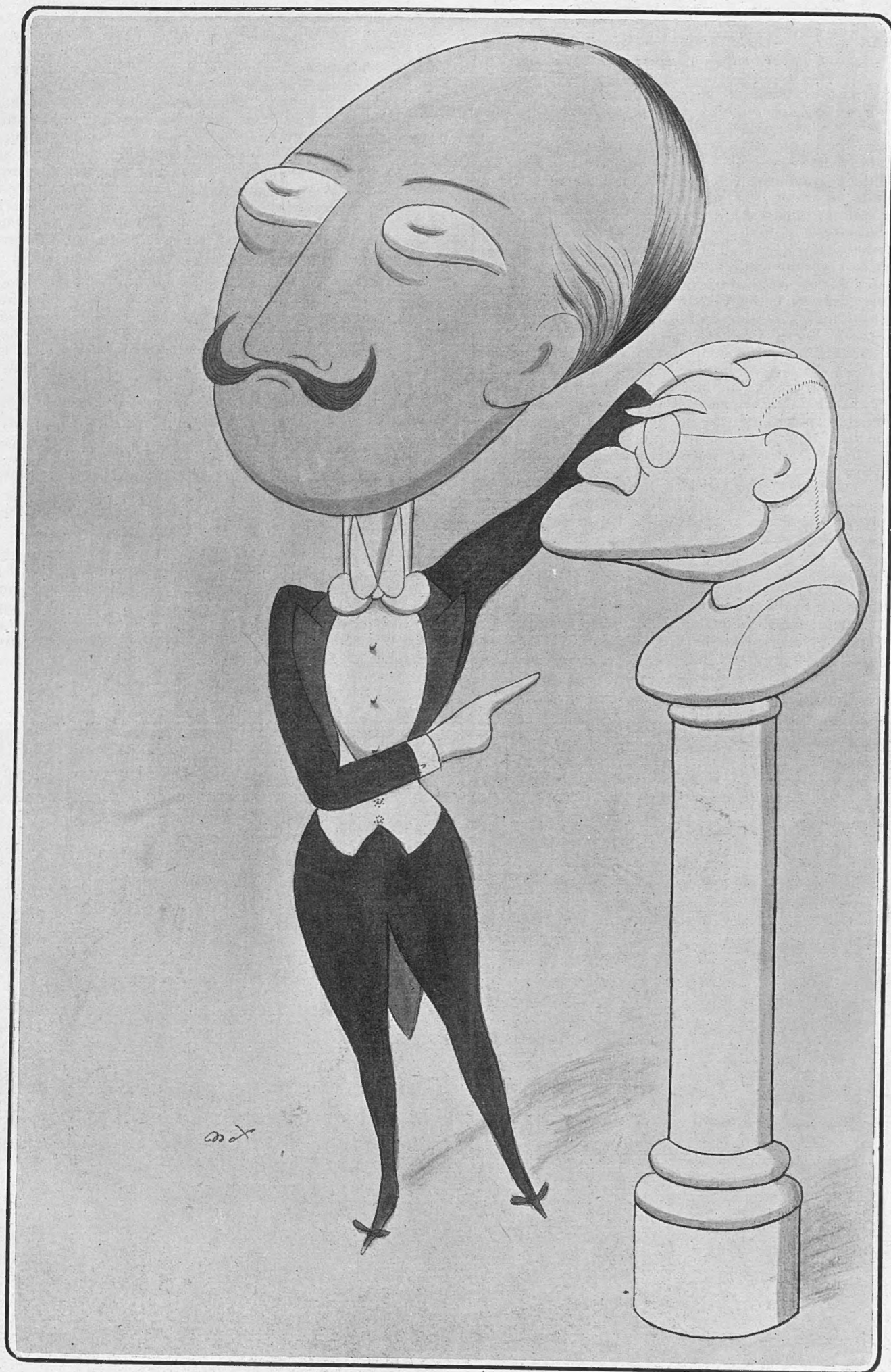
As an ardent admirer of Mr. Bernard Shaw, I am greatly distressed to observe that he is losing his sense of humour. My fears are based upon the circular issued by the Stage Society announcing the first performance on the London stage of a drama by Mr. Shaw, entitled "The Admirable Bashville." I have no hesitation in saying that I have never seen, in one small leaflet, so many feeble attempts at a joke. Here is a sample of the stuff that has been issued with the full consent, presumably, of the Stage Society: "By special request, the incidental music will not be performed. Members wishing to leave at the beginning of the performance are requested to do so as unobtrusively as possible. . . . All demonstrations of displeasure should be reserved until the fall of the curtain." And so forth. By the time these lines are in print, "The Admirable Bashville" will have been performed. For my part, I am quite content with the circular. One ray of hope, however, still remains to me. It is just possible that some enemy of Mr. Bernard Shaw's has been sowing the tares of his own meagre wit amongst the wheat of the dramatist's humour. If such is the case, it will be interesting to see whether Mr. Shaw is patient enough to allow both to grow together until the harvest.

The Gordon Bennett race is the only subject that the motorist cares to discuss just now. It is useless to speak to him of the Poet Laureate's play or Mr. Chamberlain's new policy. Even the railway race to the West seems tame to him in comparison with the great event to take place in Ireland next month. With a view, therefore, of maintaining the reputation of *The Sketch* as a journal that contains something for everybody, I will direct the attention of the motorist to page 273 of this issue. There he will find displayed, with all the gruesome realism of the instrument that cannot lie, the most dangerous corners on the route of the Gordon Bennett race. In common fairness, however, I hasten to add that, in publishing these pictures, it was not the intention of the Editor to upset any nervous competitor. On the contrary, the first idea of this humane gentleman was rather to afford the racers an opportunity of becoming familiar with the route before the great day of the race arrives. Whatever happens in the contest, no one will be able to assert that the drivers of the competing cars were not forewarned as to the difficulties that lay before them. It only remains to add that Messrs. Edge, Jarrott, and Stocks will, in all probability, pin that page to their steering-wheels and keep watchful eyes on it throughout the race.

The chivalrous authors of "Marie Corelli: the Writer and the Woman" are to be heartily congratulated upon the marvellous way in which they have assimilated the literary style and habit of thought that we are accustomed to expect from the biographed lady herself. In reading, for instance, the more personal chapters, one could almost imagine that the work was an autobiography. Here, if I may quote, is a convincing reply to an unreasonable suggestion on the part of a newspaper that Miss Corelli wore a particularly gorgeous gown at the Coronation for the purpose of self-advertisement: "Poor Miss Corelli! In the very simplest attire of white chiffon and lace, she was one of the most unobtrusively dressed ladies present, as she wore no jewels, and had nothing, indeed, about her costume that could attract the slightest attention, though she was the 'observed of all observers' at the luncheon held in the House of Peers after the Abbey ceremonial, not for her dress, but for her fame." I venture to say that there are few biographers who could enter so deeply, so sympathetically, into the lesser bitternesses and smaller triumphs of their subject. I sincerely hope that Miss Corelli will be as grateful as, almost inevitably, she will be surprised.

Talking about the weather—I haven't mentioned it, as a matter of fact, but I often do—I have seldom spent a busier day than last Wednesday. When I rose in the morning, I attired myself, as on the previous day, in light summer clothes. Just as I was leaving home, however, a bitter blast of wind persuaded me that I should be much more comfortable in warmer things. I hurried upstairs, therefore, and changed rapidly, eventually arriving at my office in a state of perspiration and a bad temper. At lunch-time the sun was shining away like one o'clock—that is my hour for luncheon—and I realised that I should be very uncomfortable all the afternoon unless I slipped round to my rooms and changed into some cooler clothes before returning to the office. This, then, I did, but on the way to the office I fell foul of a keen east wind that made me feel particularly lumpy about the throat. As luck would have it, there was a new piece at the Criterion that night, so I took the precaution to wear my thickest under-garments beneath my dress-clothes. After dinner, the east wind dropped, and the theatre became so warm—by the way, this is not a dramatic criticism—that I had to think of all the cool pieces of poetry I knew to enable me to remain in my seat. When I got home, I sat up for half-an-hour in my pyjamas and caught a bad cold.

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TWO SYMPATHETIC CARICATURES BY MAX BEERBOHM.



The Sad Fatality at Eton—Various Dangers—School Fire Brigades—Uniform and Fancy-Dress.

NO military misfortune that I can remember in which hundreds of lives have been lost on a foughten field has called forth so much expressed sympathy in the land of Clubs as has the death of the two little lads at Eton by suffocation during the fire. There is something always peculiarly sad in the cutting short of a young life, and the death of the two boys has saddened men who did not know them to an extent that greater misfortunes, in which men whose profession it is to face death lose their lives, do not. Those who knew the boys speak of both of them as being particularly bright lads, and the fact that the Fourth of June with its festivities was about to be celebrated, and that the mother of one of the lads was on her way from Scotland to enjoy the carnival of young high spirits with her son, has added to the grimness of the tragedy which has put the greatest school of England into mourning and has thrown a shadow for a moment over London Society, callous though that Society is. The cause of the disaster will never, apparently, be known. It cannot have been, so the experts say, the gas, nor the electric wires, and, had one of the boys gone to sleep reading in bed with a surreptitious candle, the fire would have started in his room, and not in one of the passages, as apparently it did. Though this fire did not start through reading surreptitiously in bed, there, I think, lies the chief danger, unless schoolboys have changed very much since I was one myself.

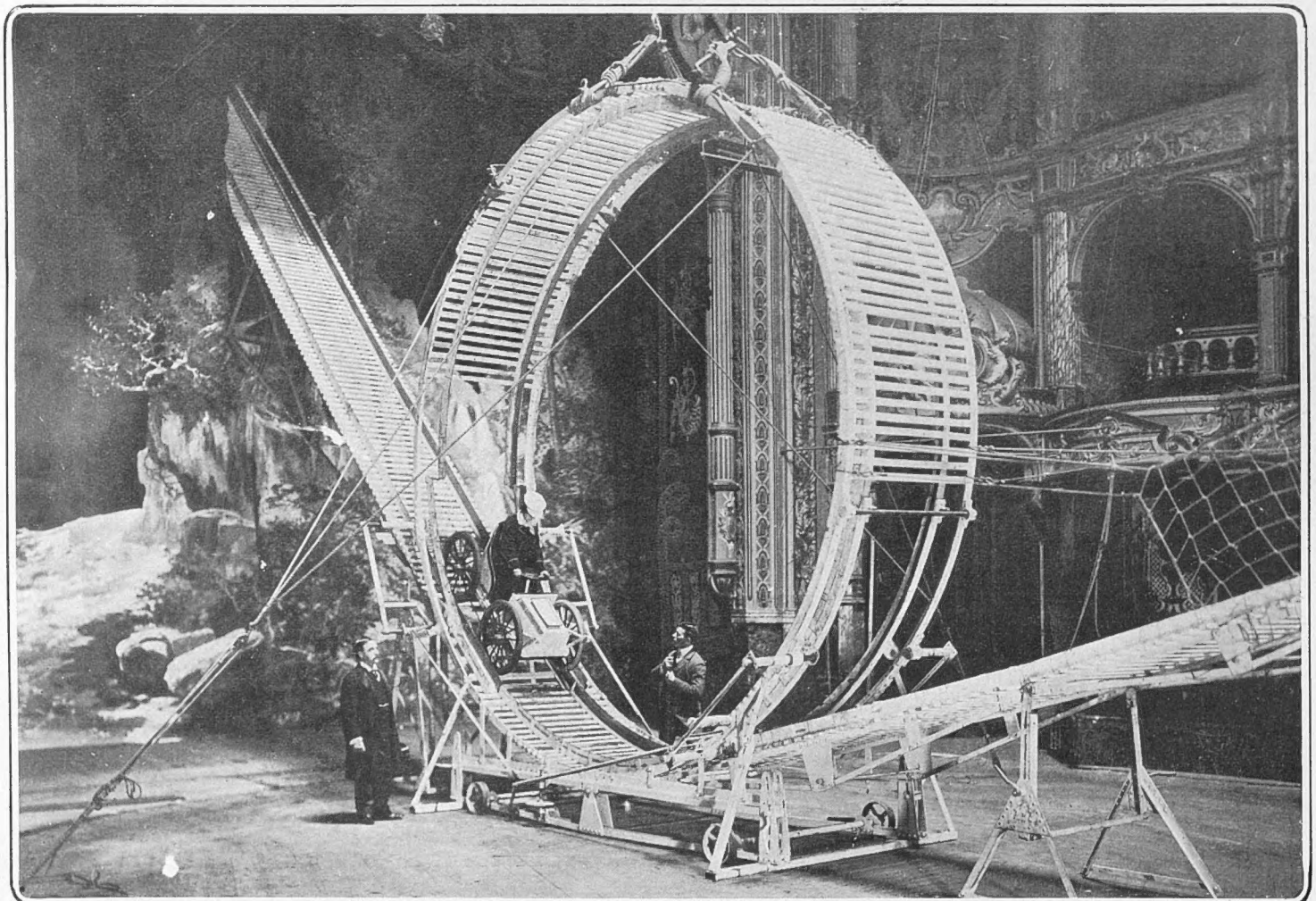
When I was a small boy at Harrow, I used, when I met an equally small Etonian, to impress upon his mind in every possible way the enormous advantages the school on the hill had over the school by the river, and one tale which rarely failed of its effect was of the Apache stratagems by which the advent of the House-master going his rounds at night was signalled to all such boys as were reading in bed, and of the splendid success of the precautions taken. He, good man, would tramp along the lead-covered floor of the passage which led from his private house into the boys' quarters, would go into room after room, to find boys curled up in bed, sleeping a dog's-sleep, and the very last idea that would have come into his head was

that, five minutes before, a boy, who ought in after-life to have been a celebrated scout, but who developed into a prosy barrister, had informed all the bad boys in the house that a room-to-room inspection was to be expected, and that two minutes before the tramp of the feet sounded in the stillness every boy who had a "tolly" burning had extinguished and concealed it. The Eton boy would, perhaps, retaliate by tales of equal sagacity, and I would then explain to him at length the construction of my patent apparatus for reading in bed without scorching the woodwork of the turn-up bedstead. A biscuit-tin with a hole cut in the top and the lid fixed by hinges, so as to throw the light on a book and keep it away from the windows, was the arrangement. It was said, no doubt truly, that a master—Mr. Middlemist, I believe—had once, with low cunning, gone out into the road and had looked up at the boys' windows in his house, spotting in this manner those of them who were reading in bed after hours, and sending two or more up to be "swished." My invention prevented the possibility of any such misfortune occurring in my case, and box and candle could be put under the bed in a second; but my contrivance was really just as dangerous, had I gone to sleep over my book, as a shovelful of live coals put into the bed would have been, and I wonder how it was that not only I, but some two hundred other boys who did very much the same as I did, were fortunate enough not to set their bed and their room and their house on fire.

At Harrow most of the windows are covered with wire netting, but I think that this is intended more to preserve the glass from breakage than to stop the boys from getting out. At Rugby and at Winchester neither wire nor bars are used, to the best of my remembrance. The bars are out-of-date, as was quite acknowledged at Eton. They belong to the time when a Head-master did not think that he was doing his duty unless he birched his pupils ferociously, and boys were treated as though they were rare but rather dangerous animals.

One result of the Eton fire will be, I hope, that a Fire Brigade will be looked upon as a necessary part of school organisation in the future, just as a Volunteer corps is now. A fire-engine complete will be a princely gift for millionaires with sons at the older Public Schools to give, and I am sure that the gymnasium at Harrow or Eton would turn out as smart and active a set of young firemen as could be found in any of the County Council's red-doored stations.

An edict from the War Office has now definitely forbidden the wearing of uniforms of the present date at fancy-dress balls; but the scarlet coat or the Hussar jacket of any old-fashioned pattern will still be available for those, soldiers or others, who wish to appear as men of war in ball-rooms. The ladies may disapprove of the new regulation, but both the soldiers and the costumiers, the two professions most affected, will be pleased.



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Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

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Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket in respect of the
same risk.

June 10, 1903.

Signature.....



the benefit of doctors' sons at Epsom. It would be impossible to over-estimate the good which has been done by that memorial of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee known as the Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund for London. Till this Fund came into being, there was no regular, systematic inspection of the business side of the Metropolitan hospitals, and it is to our King's keen and intelligent interest in the sick poor that a great reform has now taken place; indeed, the grants from the Fund are made only on the recommendation of a Visiting Committee which includes some of the cleverest and most noted business-men in the country.

Queen Alexandra and the Finsen Treatment.

The King once made a famous remark concerning preventable diseases. "If preventable, why not prevented?" asked the then Prince of Wales. The phrase was evidently taken to heart by his kindly Consort, and the Queen's great service to her adopted country in the matter of the Finsen Light Treatment is known to all. It was thanks to Her Majesty's determined and persistent gentle efforts that many of our poorer countrymen and countrywomen who were most grievously afflicted are now completely cured, and to-morrow the Queen opens the new rooms devoted to the lupus cure treatment.

Our King's Youngest Sister.

Princess Henry of Battenberg occupies a very curious position in our Royal Family. Strangely enough, although the Sovereign's youngest sister, Her Royal Highness is the only one with an official position of her own, for she is Governor of the Isle of Wight. In the "Island" the Princess is supreme, a true uncrowned Queen whose lightest word is law. Princess Beatrice, to give her the name by which she was known so long, has lately joined the ranks of Royal Londoners; she has a charming suite of rooms in Kensington Palace, and, together with her pretty young daughter, Princess Victoria Eugénie, she has

SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE KING and Queen's visit to the London Hospital recalls the fact that His Majesty has taken, it might almost be said from boyhood, the very deepest and most practical interest in hospital work all over the world. No European Sovereign has, in this matter, ever distinguished himself as has Edward VII. It is said that his interest in medical science dates from a visit which he paid when a boy to the great school founded mainly for

been present at many of the great daylight functions of the present Season. The young Princess will not make her début for two years, for she is only sixteen. She is highly accomplished, and was the one of the late Queen's granddaughters who was privileged to see most of her venerable grandmother. Princess Henry's three sons, fine, manly-looking young fellows, have all inherited their father's love of the sea, and it is expected that they will each in turn join the British Navy, where they have already an uncle, Prince Louis of Battenberg.

The King's first Ascot since his Accession is certain to be exceptionally brilliant, the more so that their Majesties, who will beat Windsor all next week, intend to entertain a large house-party, including several Royal guests. This time last year the whole world was rejoicing in the thought of the approaching Coronation, and the Queen, with her usual marvellous pluck, though she must have been well aware that the Sovereign's health was in a precarious state, was herself present with the Prince and Princess of Wales at "Royal Ascot," where she saw the Duke of Portland win the Gold Cup with William the Third. Great changes have taken place at Ascot during the last two years, the King having shown the very keenest personal interest in each and every improvement. His Majesty's suggestions were admirably carried out by Lord Churchill, who, in his turn, owed not a little to the indefatigable Clerk of the Course, Major R. A. Clement, who next year will celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of his connection with what has been rightly called the prettiest and best-managed racecourse in the world. For the first time for forty-three years a British Sovereign will drive in full State to Ascot, but many old Tories will regret the charming touch of brilliancy which used to be afforded



PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG.

Photograph by Hughes and Mullins, Ryde, Isle of Wight.

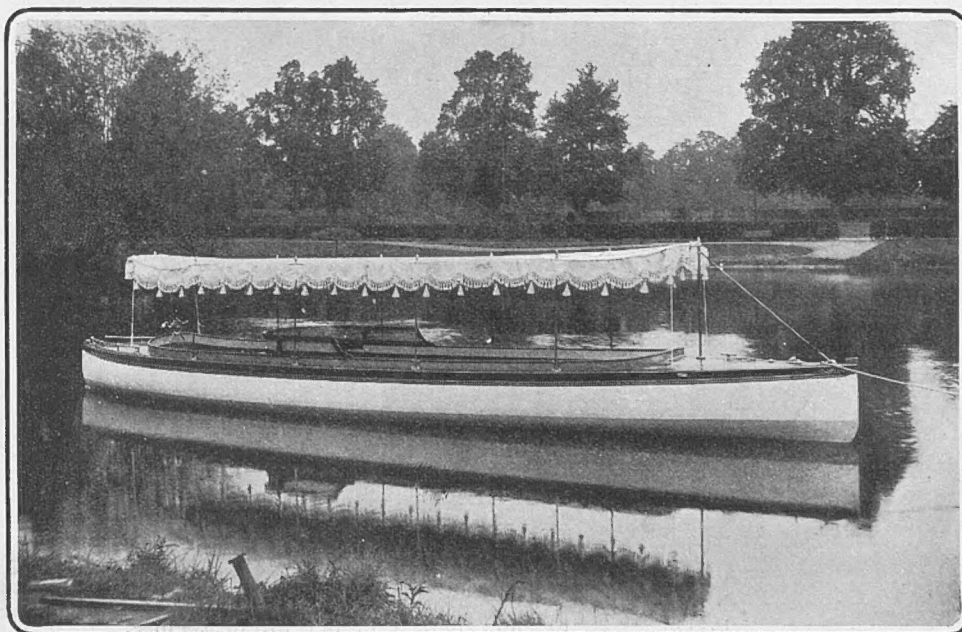
by the now disbanded Royal Buckhounds. It is said that the Royal Procession, instead of turning in as formerly and crossing the Royal Lawn, will on this occasion pass directly in front of the entire length of the stands, sweeping round by the new roadway to the main entrance at the back of the Royal Enclosure.

The King's Motor-Launch.

His Majesty is always up-to-date in his methods of locomotion. As a motorist he is one of the most ardent votaries of the horseless carriage, and when on the water he eschews the slow and cumbrous Royal Barge for the neat, quick, and quiet motor-launch. The King's new launch was sent to Datchet on the Friday before Whitsun for his use during the holidays.

To-day's Great Wedding.

The fact that the marriage of Lady Mary Grosvenor and Lord Crichton is to be celebrated to-day took a good many people by surprise, for it was thought that the marriage would not take place till July. Grosvenor House, where Catherine, Duchess of Westminster, will hold the wedding reception, has seen many marriage functions, and is ideally suited for such gatherings. St. Peter's, Eaton Square, is evidently coming back into high wedding favour, and is proving once more a serious rival to St. George's, Hanover Square.



THE KING'S NEW MOTOR-LAUNCH.

Photograph by P. Ives, Kingston-on-Thames.

The King and the Army.

The First and Second Army Corps will take part in the Grand Manœuvres to be held on Salisbury Plain from the 7th to the 12th of September. The Manœuvres will be more important than any that have been held of recent years, and a great number of troops of all arms will take part in them. The counties included in the sphere of operations are Oxfordshire, Berkshire, Hampshire, and Wiltshire, and at the close there will be a grand march past of all the troops, at which the King is expected to take the salute.

An Irish Country Palace.

To the average Englishman the name of the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland suggests "The Castle" so much detested by the Nationalists, or, at best, the Viceregal Lodge in the Phoenix Park. Not many are aware that the Earl of Dudley and his charming Countess have a delightful official residence in Roscommon, far from "dear, dirty Dublin." Rockingham, as it is called, is situated over a hundred miles from the Irish Capital, and near the quaint little town of Boyle. Here the River Boyle widens out into one of those beautiful lakes which are such a characteristic feature of the Green Isle, and from the house and grounds lovely views may be had of Lough Key. Rockingham, indeed, is one of the most pleasantly situated mansions in the United Kingdom.

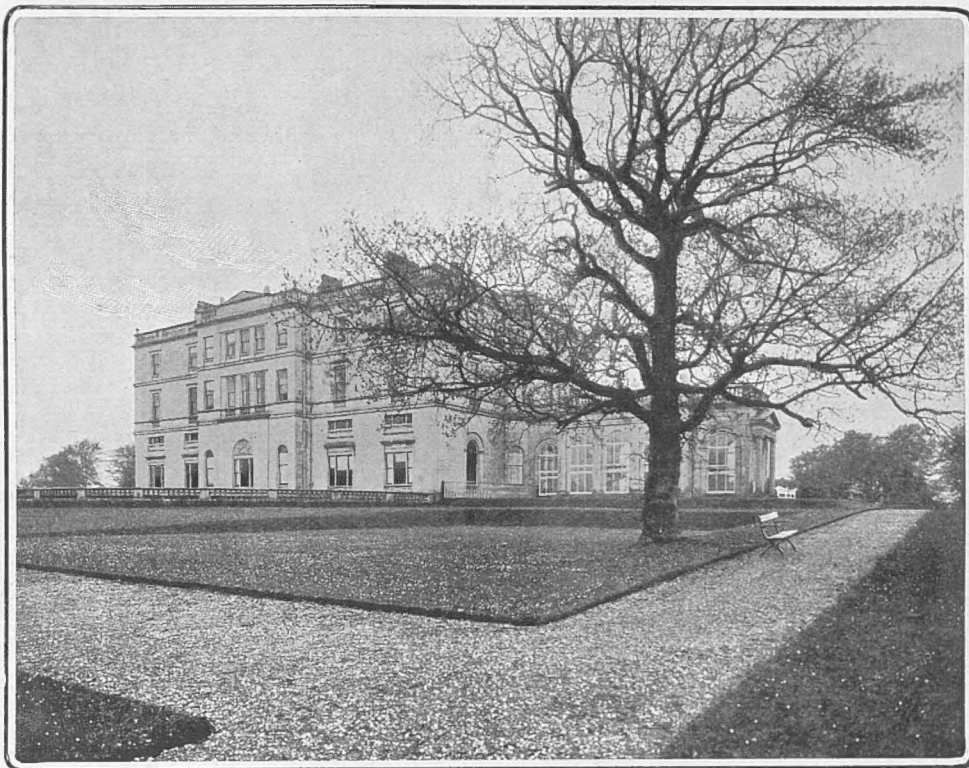
Prince Albert of Belgium, who has been staying at the little Belgian watering-place known as Westende, has been employing his holiday in making

are now almost in a state of revolution against Hungary, of which they form a part, they have just sent a petition to the Emperor Francis Joseph asking him to make the Prince their Ban, or ruler. The poor Emperor, who was terribly afflicted by the loss of his only son, is much shocked by the request, but nothing will persuade the Croats that the Prince is not alive and that he would not go and be their Ban if his enemies would let him.

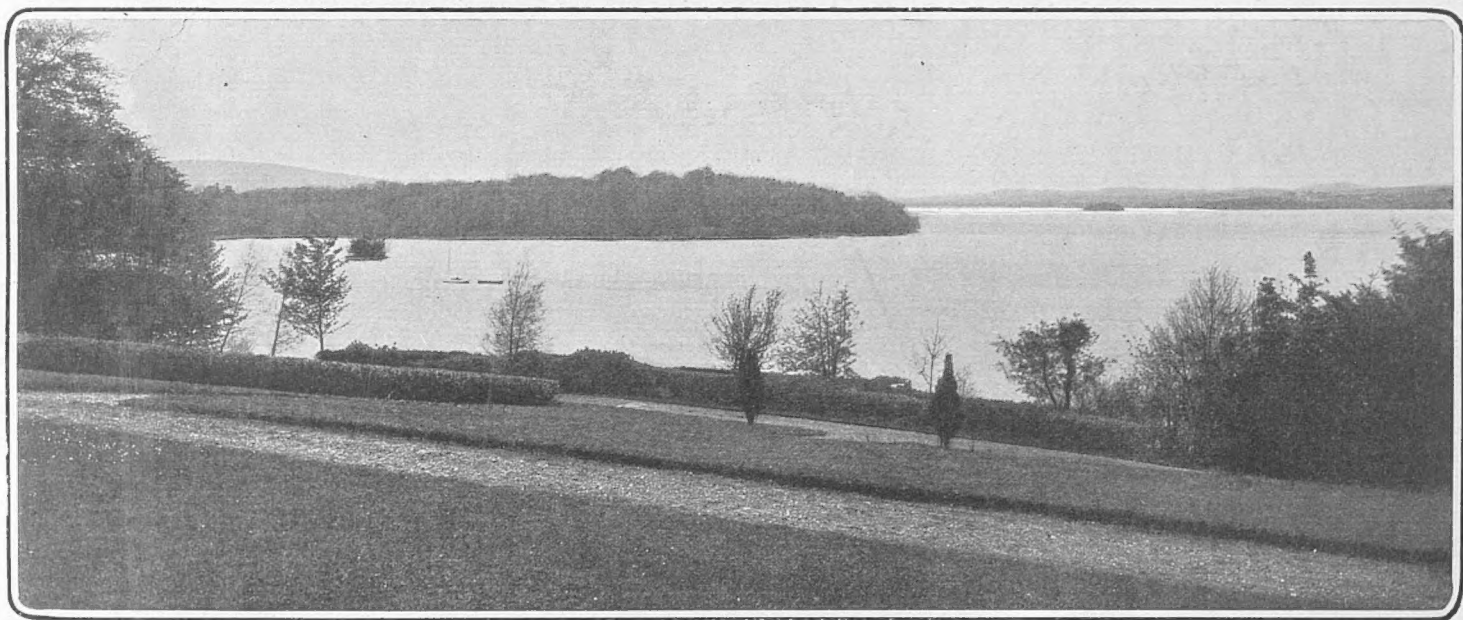
The Czar and his Standards.

A very curious ceremony takes place when the Czar presents new standards to his regiments, as he did last week. The new standards and their poles are placed on a table in the Winter Palace, and when the officers and men are assembled the Czar and his family enter the room. The Czar then examines the flag, and, after making the sign of the cross, takes a hammer and drives in the first golden nail which fastens the standard to the pole. He then hands the hammer to the Empress Dowager, who, with the same ceremonies, drives in the second nail. The Czarina then drives in the third nail, and the Czarevitch the fourth, and after them the Generals of the Staff, the officers of the regiment, and finally the soldiers drive in the other nails, till the silk is fixed to the staff. Then the Czar fastens a deep-red ribbon to it, and, raising up the flag, gives it to the standard-bearer, with the words, "I entrust this to you: defend it to the death."

Somewhat political in complexion will be the great Garden-party given by Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain at "Highbury" next



ROCKINGHAM, THE COUNTRY RESIDENCE OF THE EARL OF DUDLEY, LORD-LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND.



ROCKINGHAM: LOUGH KEY AS SEEN FROM THE GROUNDS.

Photographs by Chancellor, Dublin.

excursions on a motor-cycle in the surrounding country. He is the second Royal personage to take up this form of locomotion, but, so far, he has been luckier than his predecessor, the Prince of Monaco, who, on his recent journey to Paris, ran over a dog, with the result that he was thrown into a ditch and had to finish his journey to Paris by train in rather a dilapidated condition.

The late Crown Prince Rudolph.

The people of Croatia have a strange superstition concerning the late Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria, who, it will be remembered, died in such sad circumstances at Meyerling in 1889. They believe that he is still alive, but that he is hidden somewhere by his enemies, and, as they

Saturday week (June 20). Still, Birmingham ladies and débutantes are keenly interested in politics, and it is likely that the scene at the Colonial Secretary's famous home will be a particularly pretty one. The gardens at "Highbury" have been often described; they are among the best-kept in the kingdom, and prove conclusively that Mr. Chamberlain is not, as is so often averred, devoted only to orchids; he is exceedingly fond of roses, and the rosary at "Highbury" is worth going a long way to see, the Queen of Flowers being there persuaded to show herself in her loveliest guise. It is well known that Mrs. Chamberlain's favourite flower is the violet, and on their wedding-day Mr. Chamberlain discarded his usual orchid for a buttonhole of white violets.

A Royal Season. The present Season is, in a social sense, essentially Royal, and Republican France may well envy us our lively Court. Scarce a day goes by but that the King and Queen, to say nothing of the other members of the Royal Family, take part in



LADY TEYNHAM.

Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.

some notable pageant. His Majesty has also of late dined out very frequently, and it is said that no Lord Mayor, even in the long history of the City, will have entertained so many Royal personages as will during the next eight weeks genial Sir Marcus Samuel. During June and July a series of Royal visits to the heart of London has been arranged. These, of course, commenced last Sunday (7th), when their Majesties attended the Hospital Sunday service at St. Paul's. The King will probably pay his last visit this Season east of Temple Bar late in July, when our Sovereign will accompany President Loubet to the Mansion House.

Lady Teynham. Lady Teynham is the daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Green Wilkinson, of the Scots Guards, who married the Hon. Louisa Catherine Bateman-Hanbury. She married in 1895 the eighteenth Lord Teynham, whose seat, Lynsted, is situated at Sittingbourne.

Fürstenstein. Germany has many stately Castles, many famous Royal Palaces, but none which can compare in sheer beauty of site with Prince Henry of Pless's old-world home, Fürstenstein. There, in this wonderful mediæval stronghold, reigns the lovely Anglo-German Princess who is so popular both in her native and in her adopted country. At Fürstenstein the Prince and Princess often entertain large parties of their English and German friends, and more than once the young hostess—she was only seventeen when, as Miss Daisy Cornwallis-West, she became the bride of the great Teutonic magnate—has acted as hostess to Royal guests.

A Famous Hunting Domain. Fürstenstein is one of the great hunting domains of Germany, the picturesque forests surrounding the Castle swarming with game. There each autumn the Prince gathers together those among his friends who are also mighty hunters, and last year he received the signal honour of a sporting visit from the German Emperor, who is the godfather of Prince Henry's only child, little Hans, Count Hochberg. During the present Season the Princess has been present at most of the great London social functions.

A Sunny Festival. At Whitsuntide the Germans are seen in their sunniest mood (writes the Berlin Correspondent of *The Sketch*). It is a festival of the people, and with its advent they leave their homes with one consent and, happy as children, betake

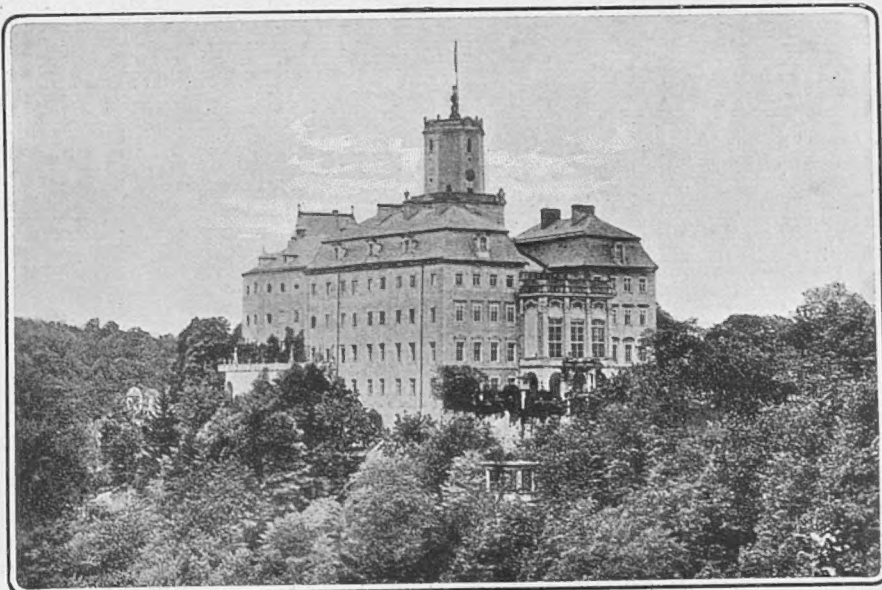
themselves to the woods, revelling in the freshness of Nature and the joyousness of their national songs. The great military concerts in Berlin began their programmes on Whit-Sunday as early as five o'clock in the morning. Despite the hour, the parks and gardens of the Capital were filled with glad multitudes, anxious, apparently, to exhibit at the earliest possible moment their new sartorial acquisitions. "Ladies" of the domestic-servant order, in their new ribbons and silks, receive the popular designation of "Whitsuntide oxen," and it must be conceded that the seasonable fair is a picturesque assembly. Not a cloud marred the three days' festival, and the working population of Berlin has returned to its labours appreciably browner in complexion and thoroughly compensated for the disappointment which the rain-storms had occasioned at Easter. The Imperial Family spent the holidays at Potsdam. The glorious weather enabled the Emperor to enjoy to the full his new tea-garden on the Drachenberg in the park of Sans-Souci.

Historical Manœuvres.

Whitsuntide was preceded by a grand military spectacle of historical interest at Döberitz. The prologue to this spectacle was recited in the Opera House in the form of an opera by Major Lauff. The unique feature of the performance was the audience, which was composed exclusively of officers. No ladies were admitted. The Review at Döberitz was in commemoration of the epoch-marking Manœuvres held there a hundred and fifty years ago by Frederick the Great. Over forty thousand troops were then exercised by the great King annually in conditions exactly resembling war, and so secret were the operations kept that none save those actually engaged in them could enter the Manœuvre grounds. In order to deceive the foreign Ambassadors and Military Attachés, the monarch published fictitious accounts and maps of the Manœuvres. The Seven Years' War proved a brilliant justification of his methods of training. It is the complaint of many people in Germany that the Army is now manœuvred mainly for show purposes and in conditions not approximating to those of actual warfare. The Emperor, as if to place these critics in the wrong, refused permission, after the example of his great ancestor, to all outsiders to attend the Commemoration Manœuvres at Döberitz. During the Manœuvres the Emperor asked if someone could not catch him a cockchafer. The request was speedily satisfied. The Emperor packed the insect in a little box and sent it, with his greetings, to his gallant "Cockchafers"—a popular designation of the Fusilier Guards.

Anecdotes of a Chancellor.

Anecdotes of Count von Bülow are the order of the day in Germany. Twenty years ago, Prince Hohenhohe prophesied that the young Secretary of Embassy would become Chancellor of the Empire. "Remember my words," said the Prince to his son after von Bülow had taken his leave *en route* from Paris to St. Petersburg, "that young diplomatist will one day occupy Bismarck's position." When von Bülow was in Paris, Gambetta once observed to him, half-jokingly, "My dear Secretary of Embassy, we two together might one day succeed in reconciling our two countries. With patience, goodwill, and on the supposition that all acrimony is eliminated from our relations, I do not regard that as at all impossible." It is known that von Bülow was summoned from the position of Ambassador at Rome to succeed Baron von Marshall as Foreign Secretary. Unfortunately, his official residence in Berlin was far less pretentious than the Ambassadorial palace in the Italian Capital. Frau von Bülow explained this circumstance to her head-cook, and informed him that, if he objected to entering the smaller establishment, he was at liberty to seek another situation. To this the faithful ruler of the culinary department of the future Chancellor solemnly replied: "Madame, a good servant does not leave his employers when they are overtaken by misfortune."



FÜRSTENSTEIN, THE GERMAN HOME OF PRINCE AND PRINCESS HENRY OF PLESS.

The Man of the Hour.

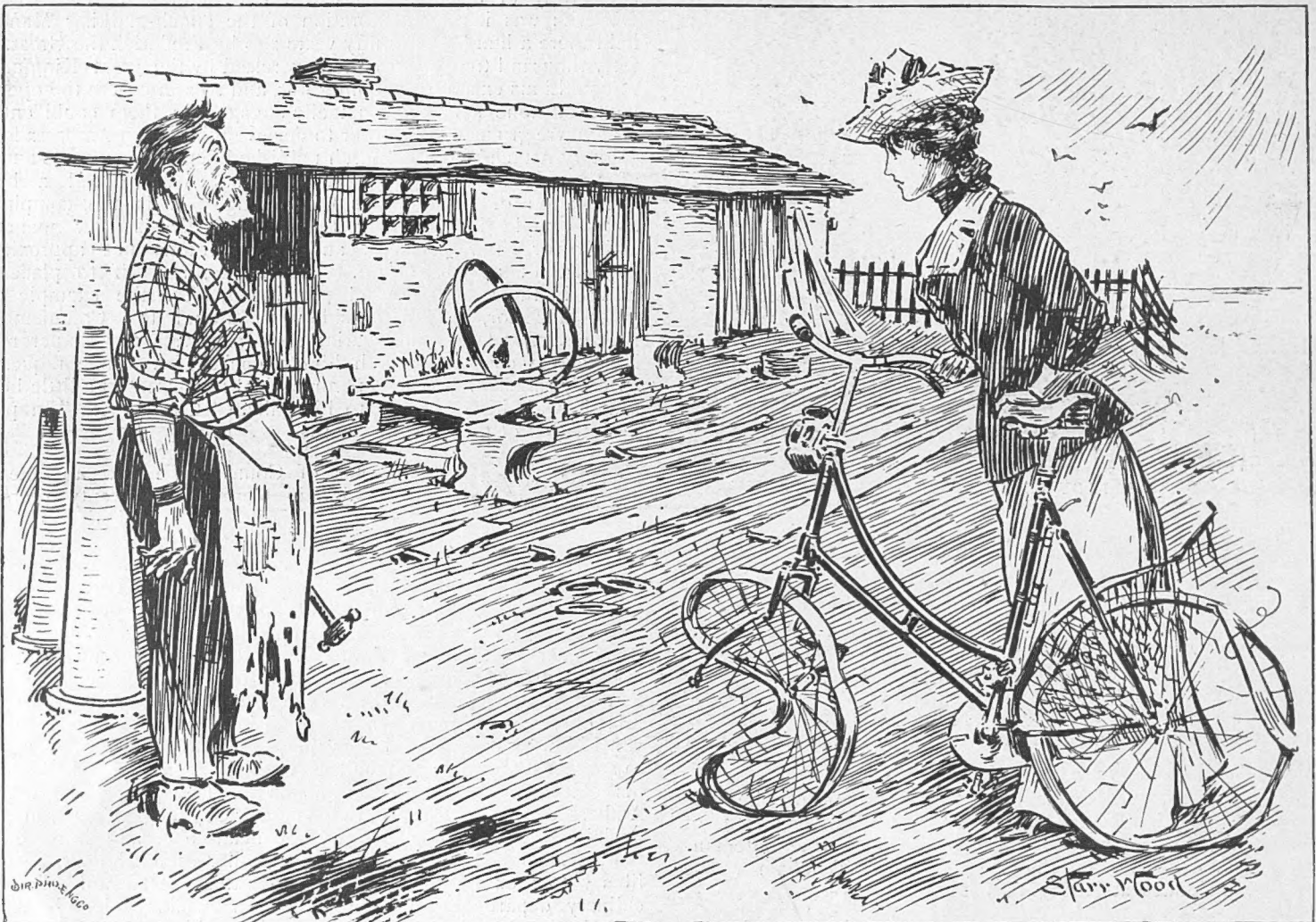
Mr. Chamberlain has been the man of many hours. Even those who thought they knew him well imagined that he had left no worlds to conquer when he completed his tour of South Africa. He spoke as if he were tired of political life, and simple people took him seriously. Instead of retiring, Mr. Chamberlain has started on the hardest campaign of his life, with doubting colleagues and frightened followers. Whatever quality he may lack, he has courage in abundance. It required great hardihood for a statesman in these days to advocate a policy necessitating a tax on food.

Will Mr. Chamberlain carry his project of preferential trade within the Empire? He is sixty-seven years old. At that age most men lack spirit for dangerous enterprises, but Mr. Gladstone was ten years older when he proposed Home Rule. Age has begun at last to weave grey threads in Mr. Chamberlain's hair, and opponents think he is not so ready or so dangerous in debate as he was ten years ago. Still, he is full of life and rivalry; he is as keen to win as ever, and he declares that he is quite confident.

ladies, the Countess Grosvenor, and, while step-father to a pleasant group of young people who are all devoted to him, he has a son who is thought by many people to have inherited most of the brilliant and fascinating paternal qualities.

"A Chip of the Old Block."

Lord Hugh Cecil is in some ways the most distinguished and remarkable of Lord Salisbury's sons. He is a regular "chip of the old block," full of intense convictions, fiery eloquence, and yet not without something of that wiliness which so often stood his mighty ancestor in good stead when dealing with his imperious mistress, Elizabeth. Lord Hugh is full of the powerful religious feeling which has long distinguished certain members of his family; he is, as all the world knows, one of the principal pillars of the High Church Party. He commands the High Church fort in the House of Commons, and in him the group who may be said to hold the views promulgated by the late Mr. Kensit and by Lady Wimborne have an ever-active and extremely clever enemy. Just now, Lord Hugh Cecil is busily engaged in defeating the wishes of those of his friends who are



INDIGNANT LADY: But I only asked you to mend a puncture! How on earth did you get the machine into this state?

BLACKSMITH (heavily): Well, yer see, Mum, what with the 'eat o' the weather, an' the clumsiness o' my tools, an' one thing an' another, I must 'ave lost my temper a bit!

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.

Independent Leaders.

A personal triumph was secured by Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Lloyd-George in extracting from Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain a declaration of the new fiscal policy. The official Leaders of the Opposition had given notice of their intention to raise a "full-dress debate," but the independent Radicals intervened unceremoniously and made the Front Bench men ridiculous. It is fortunate for the Government that "C.-B." and his lieutenants have not the Parliamentary audacity of Mr. Lloyd-George. Sir Charles Dilke, also, can give the official Leaders a lesson in tactics. He is one of the most industrious and best-informed men in the House, and he watches every move in the great game.

A Political Knight-Errant and Poet.

Mr. George Wyndham is the knight-errant of modern politics. As befits a descendant of Lord Edward FitzGerald and of his hapless Pamela, the Chief Secretary for Ireland has an instinctive love of lost causes, and his high spirit makes it possible for him often to turn failure into success. He is a charming poet, and, according to rumour, he has found time amid all his other avocations to write a novel. Few men have been more blessed by fate than this kinsman of Lord Leconfield. He is married to one of the most delightful and sympathetic of great

concerned with the Education Bill, and it is whispered that he is a considerable thorn in the side of his cousin, Mr. Arthur Balfour, to whom he bears, by the way, a resemblance more apparent in manner and figure than in face.

"C.-B."

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, or "C.-B.," as he is called by his colleagues, was allowed even by Mr. Parnell to be a "very good fellow." He is one of those Scotchmen who can thoroughly understand a joke, and he is the first to appreciate the irony of fate which has made the descendant of a family who were hereditary banner-bearers to the Kings of Scotland Leader of the Advanced Radical Party. It is often said that "C.-B." would have made an ideal Speaker, but fate decided otherwise, and though he may not be an ideal Leader, no man is so personally popular, not only with his followers, but with his opponents, among whom, by the way, sits his own brother, the Right Hon. James Alexander Campbell. Sir Henry spends his holidays at his beautiful Scottish home, Belmont Castle, which, sheltered by the Sidlaw Hills, commands the exquisite valley of Strathmore. There he and his amiable, accomplished wife, whose delicate health makes it impossible for her to play the rôle which would naturally fall to her of a great political hostess, extend a kindly and lavish hospitality each year to their wide circle of friends.

HOW THEY KEEP "FIT": A PAGE OF CELEBRITIES WHO GOLF.



MR. CHARLES FULTON.



MR. WILLIAM GREEN, THE WELL-KNOWN TENOR.



MR. R. WHITWORTH MITTON, ANOTHER FAMOUS TENOR.



MR. HUNTLEY WRIGHT, OF DALY'S THEATRE.



MR. ROBERT EVETT, OF THE SAVOY COMPANY.



MR. ALFRED BISHOP, OF WYNDHAM'S THEATRE.

Photographs by S. B. Brereton and L. Clayton.

The Rupert of Liberal Debate.

Mr. Asquith is regarded by his friends as among the group of men who are likely to become twentieth-century Premiers. He might well claim the title of the Rupert of Liberal debate, for no man can better hold his own in a give-and-take discussion. His legal acumen, also, is never at fault; in fact, he would probably be more popular with the "Man in the Street" were he sometimes more inconsequent and less reasonable. It says, however, much for this ex-Home Secretary that he has not simply fallen into the position of being "Mrs. Asquith's husband," or "le mari de Madame," as the French so excellently put it. As Miss Margot Tennant, Mrs. Asquith occupied a unique position in intellectual, social, and political society, and she is certainly the most brilliant and fascinating of modern political hostesses. Mr. Asquith is the father of a distinguished son who has done great things at Oxford and whom Mr. Gladstone is said to have singled out as the most brilliant boy of his acquaintance.

From a friend associated with one of the many societies that seek to spread freedom throughout the Russian Empire, I learn that the infamous Kishineff massacre was no more than the first of a series contemplated by the authorities in districts where revolutionary propaganda is spreading beyond the reach of the central Administration. I am told that the circular from the unspeakable von Plehwe to the Kishineff authorities was one of a series sent from the Ministry of the Interior, and that in the ordinary course of events the outrages will be repeated in other places. The real hope for their suppression lies in the opposition of M. de Witte, the Finance Minister, who objects to the Minister of the Interior and to all his methods. Some say the great financier is afraid that the massacres will have a bad effect upon the chances of certain loans that must shortly be sought for in the open market; his friends, on the other hand, declare that his opposition to von Plehwe is founded upon something higher and better. Be that as it may, M. de Witte and the Minister of the Interior are rivals for the ear of the Czar, and just now the star of the latter is in the ascendant. It is an open secret that the Czar's present state of health is giving considerable uneasiness to his *entourage* and that he is less capable than ever of grappling with the complicated problems of his Empire. The expulsion of the *Times* Correspondent from St. Petersburg shows distinctly to what desperate contrivances the ruling bureaucracy is reduced. The muzzling of native papers no longer suffices, and the secret printing-presses established for the dissemination of revolutionary literature, and worked for the most part in Switzerland, were never more busy than they are to-day.

Germany and Morocco.

I am told that, if German opposition does not triumph, we may expect a solution of the Morocco question within the next few months. It may not be put into effect at once. France was in political possession of Tunis long before she took advantage of the Kroumir trouble to make that possession effective, and history may repeat itself in Morocco. At the same time, it seems clear that Great Britain has recognised, or is on the point of recognising, the bulk of French claims upon Moorish

territory, that the troublesome question of Tangier is in way of being arranged satisfactorily, and that Spain has not been overlooked. Unfortunately, Germany has raised claims and is doing her best to put difficulties in the way of the peaceful solution. At present, German trade in Morocco is quite inconsiderable, and consists, for the most part, of the cheapest and most tawdry trash, with British marks forged upon it to cheat the natives. The precise value of such a connection is hard to appreciate outside Berlin. German exports at Tangier in the years '99 and '98 amounted, roughly, to £4500 and £5600 in value, while ours averaged over seventy-five thousand pounds, and our imports were four times as great as those of Germany. If the Morocco question is not settled very soon, Germany's claims will be much bigger, for trade is being pushed vigorously and the Embassy and Consulate seem to exist to encourage and develop German trade, not to snub attempts at development, after the fashion of certain Embassies and Consulates that shall go unnamed.



MISS MAIDIE HOPE, PLAYING IN "THE CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE," AT THE HAYMARKET.

Photograph by Langfrier, Glasgow.

Dr. Collingridge, the able Medical Officer of Health for the City of London, has completed his investigation of City kitchens, and all who lunch or dine within the area of his authority owe him grateful thanks. One hundred and fifty-five kitchens have been inspected, with results that must justify the inspection. Dr. Collingridge proposes that the kitchens should be included in the underground bake-houses that will soon require a certificate before they may be used. In this way, defective ceilings, walls, and floors will be improved, compulsorily cisterns will be cleaned, sinks mended, and sanitary defects put right. As the report stands, there were over one hundred complaints distributed among the hundred and fifty-five kitchens, though, of course, two or three of the defects belonged, in some cases, to a single establishment. Small wonder if the average citizen likes to go to the grill, choose his meat, and see it cooked before him. Unless a man can rely upon the kitchen, it is more than foolish to call for made dishes. One or two restaurants in London admit intending patrons to the kitchens. I am sure that this plan is a good one and

must increase custom. It is to be hoped that the report published by Dr. Collingridge marks the beginning of better times and cleaner kitchens in the City and out of it.

Sporting Prospects. In spite of the April rains and the storms that heralded the coming of June, the sporting prospects seem to be distinctly favourable. I have seen reports from several counties in England and Scotland, and down to the present fur and feather seem to have done well. North of the Tweed there appears to be very little grouse-disease, though it is doubtful whether parts of Argyll and Caithness shires are free from it; there is no suggestion that the deer have had a bad time in the past winter or in the trying season just coming to an end. In the South, partridges seem to have a very good chance. April rains have secured an abundant water-supply in districts that are often too dry, and the worst weather was over before the eggs were laid. Hatching-out may be expected in a few days now, and, given a warm June, the coveys should be plentiful and strong on the wing by September.

SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

*How Fakirs
Find "Tips."*

A big favourite with the crowd for the Grand Steeplechase at Auteuil was Record Reign II. (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*). It belongs to the Indian Kour Sahib of Patiala, and he brought it to France under the guard of a body of Sikhs, who always watch it at training and sleep round it in the stable. On the eve of the big race,



M. Rostand.

A NEW ACADEMICIAN: M. EDMOND ROSTAND, AUTHOR OF "CYRANO DE BERGERAC" AND "L'AIGLON."

Photograph by C. Chusseau-Flaviens, Paris.

the fakir decided on a great religious festival. Amulets were placed round its neck, it was anointed with perfumed drugs and was made to drink from strange phials. Then there were weird incantations, and the fakir dropped into a mystic sleep and dreamed for a "tip." And it came. There was a tableau where Record Reign rolled home. Fate was cruel. Not only did Record Reign swerve and fall, but the Sahib's horse brought down the other English candidates. So much for "tipping" up-to-date.

*A Popular French
Dramatist.*

M. Edmond Rostand is one of the most brilliant of French dramatists. Though he had achieved many previous successes, he attained to his greatest fame as the author of "Cyrano de Bergerac" and "L'Aiglon." Ill-health some year or two ago almost incapacitated him, and hence probably his verses of welcome to the Czar and Czarina, recited by Madame Bartet at Compiègne on the occasion of their visit to France in the autumn of 1901, were the object of violent attacks and a good deal of ridicule. However, M. Rostand has outlived all that, and he is now once again among the most popular persons in Paris. M. Rostand is a native of Marseilles, where he was born in 1868. Before her marriage, Madame Rostand (then Mdlle. Rosemonde Gérard) published a book of poems.

*"La Seconde
Madame
Tanqueray."*

I had the good fortune to get a glimpse at the rehearsals of "La Seconde Madame Tanqueray." It is useless to speak of the characters and the interpretation, for that is London property. But the dresses; ah, the dresses! Jane Hading has always been the finest-dressed actress in Paris, and English ladies will talk.

*An Unpleasant
Prospect.*

When the Frères Isola, the millionaire proprietors of the Folies-Bergères and Olympia, took the Gaité, it was supposed that this meant fortune where so many others had failed. It was known that they were in negotiation with Emma Calvé, Alvarez, and the *élite* of the musical world. They now say that, for the moment, they will not sign contracts. The rumour is that they will approach their landlords, the Municipal Council, and ask for authorisation to turn it into a music-hall. If the permission is allowed, this theatre of glorious history will degenerate and great will be the falling-off.

A Trust in Crime.

It is pleasant reading for the nervous. The dreaded "Apaches" have founded branches in every one of the twenty Arrondissements in Paris. It is on purely "military" lines. The General who is Chief sits in a broken-down mastroquet in a field outside the Bois de Boulogne. Daily he receives the reports and issues instructions. He never ceases to give orders that, if they find a man working on his own account, he is to be smashed up and,

if needs be, killed. I shrugged my shoulders, and the Secret Service agent to whom I was talking simply replied, "Read the 'Faits Divers,' and you will find that men armed with burglars' tools are found lying dead in the various quarters of Paris. This is the work of 'Apaches.'" There is no doubt that the city is, for the moment, in a position such as no civilised city has been for a century. And when there is a talk of reviving the "cat," all the women object and say that it may hurt them.

*Desolation at
Versailles.*

All the lovely country round Versailles is in a state of panic. So great is their audacity that in broad daylight in the streets of Versailles they will enter the cafés and violently kick the officers and bolt for their lives. After dusk a stroll is impossible, and even at home the owners of châteaux are not safe. One amusement of the blackguards is to ring at the front-door and, directly it is opened, seize the butler, smash him into a pulp, and then wreck all the vases and leave the gardens a wilderness. *Doux pays!*

*The Eternal Sleep
on Earth.*

It was seven years ago since I was at Thenelles, fascinated with the idea of seeing Marguerite Boyenval. Her history was so strange. As a girl, she had loved; a child was born and died. The evil-speaking French peasants talked of scandal and dark dealings. The gendarmerie lent a willing ear, and one day a neighbour rushed into the house, saying, "The gendarmes are coming!" Marguerite gave a scream and fell into a dead swoon. That was on May 30, 1883, and the sleep lasted twenty years. When I saw her, she was paler than the sheets. She had a splendid head of hair and seemed coquettish in her country cap. Everyone talked high, but there was never a twitch, only the tiny breathing of a butterfly. Amid the enormous quantity of literature on the subject, the most sensational was that of Professor Voison, who was positive she could hear but was powerless to speak. Fortunately, she awoke a few minutes before she died, and this terrible-theory was found at fault. The events of the fatal day in 1883 were still fresh, and that was all she muttered about.

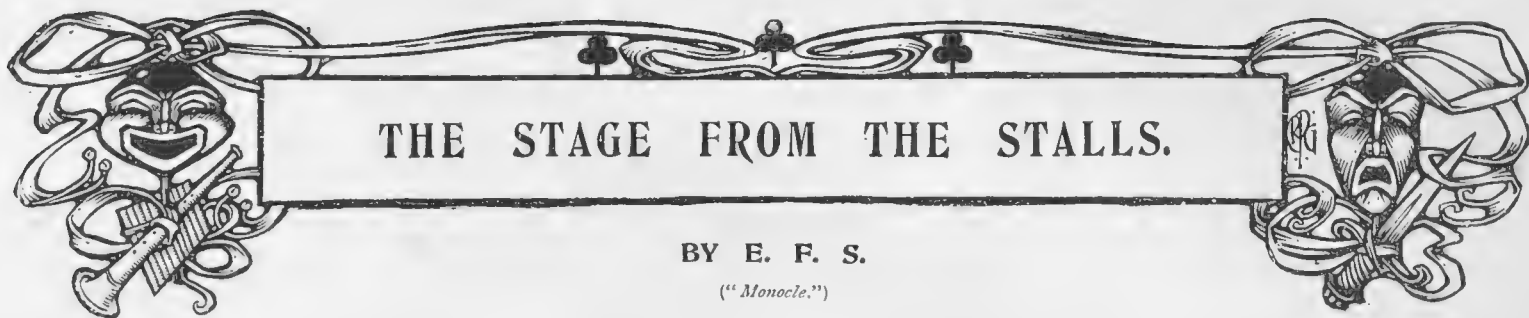
*A Valuable
Straw-hat.*

According to a French paper, there is a man in London who possesses a remarkable straw-hat. For years past he has followed the King about at foreign watering-places, and whenever he saw the Prince of Wales, as the King then was, drinking anything through a straw, he pounced down upon the straws and added them to his collection. Last year this strange collector had gathered such a bundle of straws that he had a hat made of them, and is now the proud possessor of a head-covering which he claims, and probably with justice, is absolutely unique.



MADAME EDMOND ROSTAND AT CAMBO.

Photograph by C. Chusseau-Flaviens, Paris.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

("Monocle.")

"A. B. W.'s" "DRAMATIC CRITICISM" AND "JUST LIKE CALLAGHAN."

MR. WALKLEY'S book, "Dramatic Criticism," is one to be read in haste and digested at leisure—the digestion I have treated as a holiday task, the reading was done in a gulp. The result of the two processes is a state of pleasure and sorrow. The former is chiefly the normal pleasure that comes from reading an admirably written, interesting book, but in part is due to the feeling that people, or some at least, in consequence of the publication of "A. B. W.'s" lectures, may come to regard our craft, if not our craftsmen, as of greater importance than before it appeared. The general opinion is, alas, that we are merely reporters sent to a play instead of to the races or Police Courts or fires; that we ought to give some idea of the plot, and to express an opinion of its merits—the only permissible standard of merit being that of the current public taste. It is also conceded that we may write something about the acting, which, however, is merely to be read by the members of the profession. We are not even believed to be honest. The "chicken and champagne" theory still exists; nor is it difficult to understand that those who look upon us as penny-a-liners imagine that we have a chronic craving for luxurious food and drink. We are suspected, rather jealously, I think, of imposing naughty taxes on pretty actresses. Even those too charitable for such base suspicion greet us after a first-night with this almost stereotyped phrase, "Well, old man, I have read your report, but tell me what you *really* think of the piece." Of course, we all know that this is due to pure ignorance and prejudice. Some of us, as the rest are ready to admit, may be no credit to the craft, but, as a body, we are good enough for our task. When, however, Mr. Walkley's book is read by intelligent people, and they see that one of us is capable of writing a work admirable in style, scholarly, and rich in humour, they will begin to suspect that a body to which such a writer belongs voluntarily must fulfil some higher function than that of mere reporting. I lay stress on the "voluntarily," for the sheer power of writing exhibited by him proves that the author, in these days of rich recompense for writing of more than average quality, has no need to devote himself to any humble task. Here comes in the paradox. For, if the dignity of the labour is to be weighed by the value of the subject, the task of "A. B. W." is humble. He is constantly engaged in chronicling small-beer, though thirsting for a nobler tippie. It is a mistake to suppose that he or any other critic, after the first few years of fierce wrath against rubbish, enjoys the task of "slating," except, perhaps, as an occasional dissipation, particularly seeing that the things that must be "slated" resemble one another in their faults monotonously, for, alas, bad plays of each class are cruelly similar to one another. A critic such as the author of the book can only have full scope for his powers when dealing with plays that may claim to be "original" in more than the mere technical sense of the word, and we should have full benefit of them only if they were exercised in assisting the growth—perhaps I should say, birth—of a true national modern drama.

The question naturally arises why a real critic should devote himself to work most of which can adequately be dealt with by the reporter. The answer is one that may seem surprising to many worthy ratepayers. Mr. Walkley looks upon the critic—the real critic, of course, not the person who, though essentially a reporter, calls himself a dramatic critic—as at once "consumer and producer, at once parasite and independent substantive artist. . . . A criticism is a picture with its own laws of perspective and composition and 'values,' and the play which furnishes the subject for this picture has, more often than not, to be 'humoured' a little, stretched here and squeezed there, in order to fit into the pattern." Put into plain English, "A. B. W." thinks that a criticism ought to be capable of independent existence and readable by people who care nothing about the particular play or acting criticised, which, indeed, in course of time, may come to figure as the flies immortalised in amber, or as the poems of Montgomery—and that lovely simile, "as streams meander level with their fount"—rendered deathless by Macaulay's essay. I do not dispute this proposition for a moment, I merely regret the fact that I cannot write well enough to immortalise anything for even a week—a phrase for which, no doubt, I ought to be birched—I wish I could. Mr. A. B. Walkley pleads guilty to the charge of sometimes becoming the slave of his pen in this sentence: "There are whole elements of a play which are ignored by the critic for the simple reason that they will not fit into his scheme." I suspect that sometimes the author is the victim of his first sentence, that terrible first sentence which often lures even the hardened offender into writing round about his subject. How well I can remember hearing the wife of a critic, when he was dictating a criticism to her, saying to him,

"My dear, you have only one hundred words left. Don't you think you ought to mention the piece?" Possibly at this moment I am falling into the very sin, assuming it to be sin, and talking too much of the adventure of my soul with Mr. Walkley's masterpiece, if I may corrupt the phrase of M. Anatole France. To be brief and pertinent then: "Dramatic Criticism," published by John Murray, is the presentation as a book of three lectures delivered by the present dramatic critic of the *Times* at the Royal Institution last February. In it wisely and wittily the author deals with the nature and rights of the dramatic critic and some of the laws of criticism; and he supports his views not only by close, elegant reasoning of his own, but also by the apt citation of the opinions of many writers of authority. Indeed, this citation has been made a ground of complaint, and so, too, the occasional use by "A. B. W." of foreign phrases for which it is not easy, if possible, to find an exact equivalent. In fact, I read in one review some severe remarks about larding the book with polyglot phrases, and the writer scornfully wound up by saying that his native language was good enough for him. Unfortunately, his style left it doubtful what his native language was. The first lecture deals with the several categories of self-called critics, and comes to the conclusion that the professional is the most likely to be just. The second treats of the province and duties of the critic, and works out the theory which permits him to claim a higher position than that of mere appraiser and reporter. The curtain-lecture has the Aristotelian principles and Mr. Walkley's views about them for its subject, and some novel ideas are expressed with gravity and respect. No doubt the authority of the great philosopher has waned, or, at least, it is recognised that his ideas are of dangerous application to classes of drama un contemplated by him, and also that it is permissible to write plays of a character that he did not imagine. Once, indeed, he was regarded as the American regarded his watch, who disbelieved in the accuracy of the sun when it failed to synchronise with his instrument. Mr. Walkley gives an ingenious reassertion of the accuracy of the famous theories in which, doubtless, he believes as sincerely as I do. At any rate, his views on the topic are interesting and ingenious.

Thus fortified with high principles, my hungry and adventurous soul returns to earth, looks round with an eager eye for the masterpieces of the week, finds a revival of "Trilby" and an adaptation of a French farce by Mr. Cosmo Gordon-Lennox, and is depressed. Now this is very unreasonable of my soul; for masterpieces cannot be expected to happen more often than, say, once a month, and "Trilby" is a harmless and entertaining piece of misapplied sentiment well worth reviving, if only that we may see Mr. Tree's Svengali once again; while "Just Like Callaghan," at the Criterion, is likely to prove a serviceable farce which will not suffer in the popular estimation from the fact that it is merely a re-shuffling of old and well-known figures in situations which have formed part of the stock-in-trade of farce since farce began. At the end of the first Act it seemed that, in the unpleasant atmosphere of marital infidelity which is the fundamental characteristic of the piece, nothing was going to develop which was even crudely funny. There were Mr. Kerr as a deceitful husband, Mr. O. B. Clarence as another deceitful husband, Miss Annie Hughes as a trusting wife, Miss Fanny Brough as a suspicious wife, Miss Kate Phillips as a nagging mother-in-law, and Mr. Frederick Volpé as an irate military gentleman, all working hard with but little effect, in spite of occasional pieces of clever dialogue and topical allusions to Mr. Charles Hawtrey and the "Encyclopædia Britannica," which must have been the adapter's contribution to the entertainment; but things woke up a little when, in the second Act, Mr. Kerr appeared, with a useful Irish accent, as the gentleman who was so like himself that people made mistakes when he, the Irish gentleman, was seen at supper with ladies. It will be understood, of course, that the Irish gentleman would have been a second Mrs. Harris if only he had been a woman, and was invented by Mr. Kerr to bear the blame of his own flirtations; and there are several ingenious and fairly amusing little touches, as, for instance, when Mr. Kerr, as Manderberry, writes anonymous letters to his wife accusing himself in such a way that it is obvious to her that Callaghan was the culprit, while, as Callaghan, he writes similar letters to a music-mistress of his choice which satisfy her that her unknown informant must have seen Manderberry. Callaghan, calling on Manderberry, has one of the attacks of cramp to which Manderberry is subject, and this leads to a certain amount of wild horse-play, in which the house saw with joy Mr. Kerr romping with unusual energy; and Miss Brough had moments of brilliance. But the soul met with no adventure worthy of the name.



MISS HILDA ANTONY AS "BLUEBELL."

THIS PRETTY MUSICAL PLAY HAS JUST CONCLUDED A TOUR OF THE SUBURBAN THEATRES.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.

COMPELLING CONSERVATIVES AND RECUSANT RADICALS.

(See "Small Talk of the Week.")

THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE WYNDHAM.
THE KNIGHT-ERRANT OF MODERN POLITICS.



LORD HUGH CECIL.
COMMANDER OF THE HIGH CHURCH FORT.



THE RIGHT HON. H. H. ASQUITH.
THE RUPERT OF LIBERAL DEBATE.



SIR H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN.
LEADER OF THE ADVANCED RADICAL PARTY.

Photographs by Beresford.

THE GORDON BENNETT RACE IN IRELAND: THREE DANGEROUS CORNERS.



SHARP DOUBLE TURN AT FORT BARRINGTON, NEAR ATHY.



MAGENEY BRIDGE, SHOWING SHARP TURN THIS SIDE OF BRIDGE.



VERY AWKWARD CORNER AFTER CROSSING MAGENEY BRIDGE. (SEE PHOTOGRAPH ABOVE.)

Photographs by Lawrence, Dublin.

MR. MAX PEMBERTON,

NOVELIST, DRAMATIST, EDITOR, AND SPORTSMAN.

"ALL work and no play" is a maxim which finds no favour in the eyes of Mr. Max Pemberton, past-master in the art of weaving romances of adventure, and tales that stir the blood and quicken the pulse of the reader, whose imagination is held as in a vice by the skill of the writer.

The morning for work, the afternoon for exercise, the evening for recreation, study, or thought, are, roughly speaking, the divisions of his day. It is to the regularity with which he works—for, just as the business-man goes to his office in the morning, so Mr. Pemberton goes to his study—that he is able to get through his allotted tasks.

Mr. Pemberton's working hours are from ten or half-past until luncheon, which is three hours later. During that time he generally manages to write from a thousand to fifteen hundred words, which may be said to be his average output, though, occasionally, after tea he may work for a spell again, and carry the total up to a couple of thousand. It is rare indeed for him to work after dinner, for he finds that, though it may be easier to write at night, the work which stands the test of revision is, in his case at all events, best done in the morning. After lunch comes exercise, in accordance, no doubt, with the old habits he formed at Cambridge, whither he went after leaving the Merchant Taylors' School. At Caius College he acquired some reputation as an oarsman. Riding is at present the recreation with which golf—the game *par excellence* of the literary man—is varied, and it need hardly be said that Mr. Pemberton is a great golf enthusiast, as, to the amazement of everyone who does not indulge in the game, every player is.

Unlike so many men who have taken up the profession of letters, Mr. Pemberton did not drift into it by devious ways, for, though it was originally intended that he should go into the Church, he resolved, when quite a small boy, that he would be a writer, and by the time he was fourteen the determination was so firmly rooted that nothing could change it. At fifteen he was writing "turn-overs" for a London paper, and learned the first literary lesson which may be expressed in the contradictory terms, "More people write for a paper than write for it." Every one of his contributions was returned. Undaunted, however, he kept on, and at seventeen he began collaborating in a sensational novel, which would have had a more than ordinary interest at the present time had it been finished, for his collaborator was no other than Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, who was, himself, at that time, about the same age. The first chapter introduced a man who saw what looked like a great black hand in a pool at the edge of which he was left standing at the close of the first chapter. What was to happen to that man no one knows, for that first chapter was also the last the collaborators wrote. Unlike most juvenile friendships, however, this did not diminish as the years went by, for to-day Mr. Pemberton and Mr. Harmsworth are still great friends and may often be seen motoring together.

His earliest accepted work, an article on Henley Regatta, appeared in *Vanity Fair*, while his first short story was accepted by *Chambers's Journal*. It was the first story Mr. Pemberton ever wrote, and, although he ground out stories with praiseworthy regularity after it, he had to wait over a year before another story was accepted. At that time he was also writing for the *Illustrated London News*, the artistic and literary parent of *The Sketch*, as well as for other popular weekly papers. Mr. Pemberton's connection with *Tit-Bits*, for which most of the men who have come to the front in the last ten or fifteen years have probably written, began in the most unexpected fashion. He was walking along Farringdon Street, where the offices then were, and the thought came to him that he might as well write for it, seeing that it had such a great circulation. He went in and asked to see the Editor. Mr. Newnes—for Sir George had not then been made a Baronet—saw him at once, and Mr. Pemberton proposed an article on "Jerry Buildings." The idea was accepted and the article was printed. In one way and another after that, Mr. Pemberton did many new things

for the paper, and the first description of a crematorium which ever appeared in any English paper was from his pen. One day he wrote an article on "People who Sell 'Doctored' Furniture." In a certain street famous for its antiquities were two rival furniture-dealers. One of them cut out the article and put it in his window, with the words, "No connection with the shop opposite," over it. The proprietor of the "shop opposite" not unnaturally got angry and threatened a lawsuit, which, however, never came to anything.

Equally abortive was an action for libel with which Mr. Pemberton was threatened just after the publication of his "Diary of a Scoundrel," which was issued almost simultaneously with his famous story, "The Iron Pirate," the work with which he leapt into fame at a single bound. "The Diary" really had a foundation in fact, for the hero was based on a man who formed one of a party of friends with whom Mr. Pemberton once went yachting. This gentleman had carelessly omitted to pay his tailor's bill, and was sentenced to three days' imprisonment, the experiences of which he described so graphically and humorously that the young author resolved to reproduce the idea

in a work of fiction. Very shortly after the book was published, Mr. Pemberton received a letter from a famous solicitor stating that he had grossly libelled a client of his, a celebrated actress. The ground of complaint was that she was discovered in the flat of a gentleman in The Albany at midnight. Mr. Pemberton smiled when he got the letter, and went off to see the famous solicitor. "Your client, who has the same name as the girl mentioned in my story, claims to be the original of my picture, does she?" he asked.

"She does," replied the man of law.

"Have you read the book?" asked the author.

"No," replied the great solicitor.

"I thought so," said Mr. Pemberton, "for the girl in my story happens to be seven years old, and, while the age of ladies on the stage is always a delicate subject, when the case comes into Court I shall certainly plead that your client is not seven."

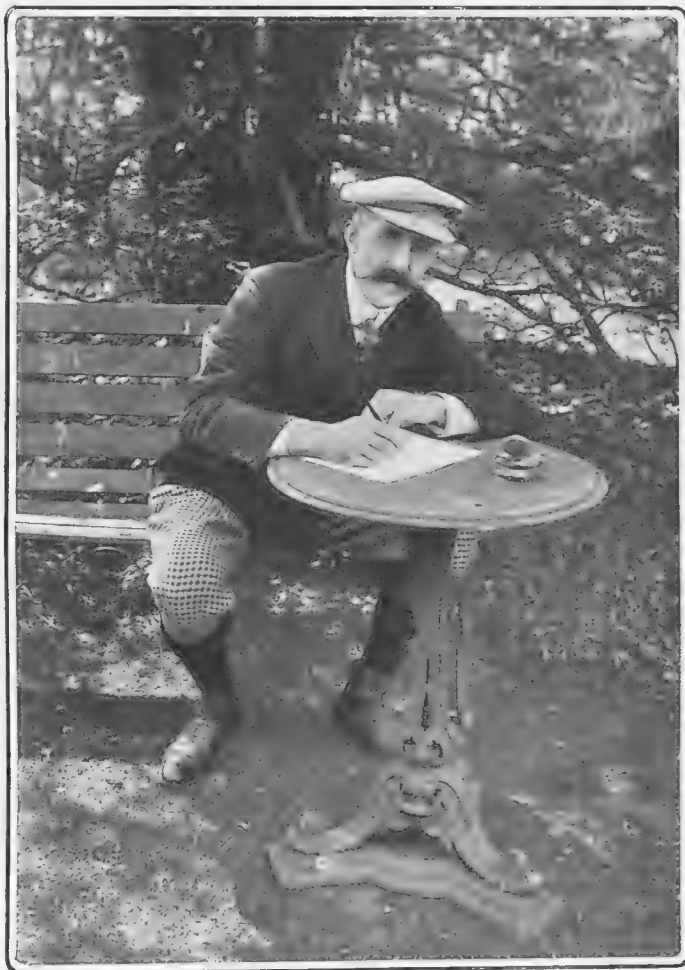
"Well, I am done!" exclaimed the lawyer, slapping the papers, and nothing more was ever heard of the threatened action. Had it come into Court, it might have been a very good thing for Mr. Pemberton, for the book fell flat and is recalled with interest by him as the only failure he has ever produced.

Once, at Broadstairs, a friend with whom he was travelling went to the bookstall and asked for a copy of it.

"'Diary of a Scoundrel,'" said the youngster, looking up. "I suppose it's the personal experience of the author, ain't it?" The boy not having it, it was ordered, and the next day, when they went to fetch it, they were surprised to see the lad deeply interested in it.

Prolific of ideas, Mr. Pemberton keeps note-books in which he jots down any notion for stories that occurs to him. He has now, however, more ideas than he can possibly use in the rest of his natural life. When he gets a commission for a story, he goes to those note-books and looks through them to find a suitable idea. That may be contained in a single line, as was the case with his novel, "Pro Patria," the germ of which was contained in ten words—"The Story of the Channel Tunnel Built by the French." All his stories are written with a pen, for Mr. Pemberton never dictates. The manuscript is then typed, and he works on that, elaborating and writing in until it satisfies him. No trouble is too much for him to take, and, in order to prepare for the writing of a story, he will read dozens of books to get facts or local colour.

Mr. Pemberton's first play was called "The Dancing Master," and was produced at the Opéra-Comique; while with Mr. Lestocq, himself at one time an actor, he wrote the libretto of a comic opera, "The Brazilians," which had a great success in New York and the provinces, though it was never done in London. His latest play is an adaptation of his novel, "The Little Huguenot," and it will, no doubt, be seen in London in due course.



"I AM ESSENTIALLY AN OPEN-AIR MAN."

Photographed exclusively for "The Sketch."

"THE SKETCH" PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS.

XLV.--MR. MAX PEMBERTON.



"'MORNING!'"



"'THANKS.'"



"'GO!'"



"'PUTTING.'"



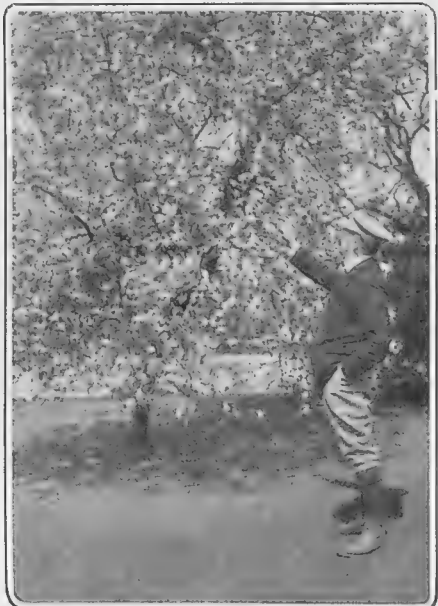
"'DRIVING.'"



"'BOTHER!'"



"'STRAWBERRIES.'"



"'PRETTINESS.'"



"'BYE.'"

FRESH LEAVES FROM A MOORISH GARDEN

By S. L. BENSUSAN.

Illustrated by R. Forrest.

VIII.—A NIGHT IN THE SOUTHERN COUNTRY.

"MAHABABEK," says the headman, gravely, as we pull up by the entrance to the n'zala, the official resting-place for travellers passing along the country roads. "You are welcome."

The n'zala is a piece of level ground surrounded by a zariba of the prickly bush called "retam." Beyond the enclosure rise the

conical huts of mud and thatch that go to make up the village. The huts have their zariba, too, for prickly-pear and cactus surround them on three sides, and on the fourth stands the tomb of a departed saint—a square, white zowia that shone visibly in the setting sun when we were four miles away. We choose a place for our little camp and help to unload the pack-mules, while certain of the village folk go in search of eggs, fowls, barley, and straw; others go to fetch water, and the rest take up a position on a piece of level green-sward and stare steadily at the Unbelievers who cannot travel for three weeks in the interior without a sleeping-tent, a cooking-tent, plates, dishes, beds and bath, and other trifles that are quite unnecessary to True Believers.

by the little fires that twinkle here and there, they, too, are cooking. The guards sent by the headman are fast asleep on their blankets near the tent, mules and horses, safely tethered, are eating happily; the Maalem is smoking haschisch, the soldier is washing-up, and Salaam is retained as interpreter.

"Yes," says the merchant, "I am for the Sus, for Tarudant the great city. I am from Fez, by way of the Tadla country, and I have looked upon the face of our Lord, Mulai Abd-el-Aziz, Allah send him victory. He rides after the manner of the Kaffirs, and has assuredly become a Christian." I remembered hearing that the Sultan had worn riding-breeches and gaiters in public and that his costume had given great offence to his people, but I did not know the matter was taken so seriously.

"Bu Hamara will most certainly prevail," continues the merchant; "he has the help of devils. In truth, he is Mulai Mohammed, the Sultan's brother, and the Sultan has him often by his side. But by the help of the devils the Sultan is deceived, and, while he thinks he sees his brother, his brother is really fighting the soldiers some miles away. Great is the work of these devils. Do they not drive ships without sails? Do they not run through the land of the Unbelievers like snakes with heads of fire? They can speak in Marrakesh and their voice is heard in Tangier. All these things are known to me, for I have been to Egypt, where the Ingliz prevail, and will continue to prevail until the Holy War."

"What will be the end of the trouble?" I asked, presently.

"Bu Hamara will be the Sultan," said the merchant, cheerfully, "and he will kill all the Christians. Morocco will be for the Moors, and all Unbelievers who are suffered to live will be sent from Court."

With this cheerful prophecy we were content, and we talked of less exciting matters until, the tea-pot being empty, our visitor thanked the Prophet for his supper, resumed his slippers, which he had removed on reaching the entrance to the tent, and departed to his own corner of the n'zala.

"What reply did he make, Salaam, when we wished him good-night?" I said, for I knew he had not replied in the orthodox term.

"He ask Allah to be good to all the True Believers," said Salaam.

"That is, to you and the Maalem and M'barak?" I asked.

"Yes, sir," replied Salaam.

"And what about us?" I continued.

But Salaam began to talk about the hour of rising and the morrow's road.

S. L. BENSUSAN.



HE RESUMED HIS SLIPPERS.

"The headman is no good," whispers Salaam the Riflian, as he comes up to take the table to the tent; "he is a very big thief, but he is of the Grand Vizier's family and he makes a lot of money from travellers. When a dog has possessions, men call him 'My Lord the Hound.'"

In a few minutes the tent rises, within the hour all is in order, and Salaam has lighted his charcoal fire and has fanned it to the necessary state with the bellows; there is a sweet savour about the kitchen-tent very pleasantly suggestive of good times to come. South, east, and west the surrounding country is bare and desolate in the fast-fading light, but from the northern road I see two men riding; they come nearer and nearer, and finally reach the n'zala. The first, who rides a good mule, is a middle-aged merchant from the Tadla province; the second is a slave, black as a coal and not so pleasant to look at.

The new-comers, who have no tent, settle in the far corner of the n'zala; the slave removes blankets from his saddle, and, after tethering the mules, comes to borrow a little hot water for his tea-pot, in order that he may prepare green tea and mint for his master. Hearing that the pair have ridden from the north, I send Salaam to beg the Moor to take tea with us in our tent, and he comes willingly enough and shares our evening meal, after his slave has poured water over his hands and he has said "Bismillah" loudly, as though he meant it.

Supper over, we settle down to chat. The village folk have retired to their huts, and, judging



TWO MEN RIDING.

FOUR SEASONS.

BY LEWIS BAUMER.



THE SECOND SEASON: THE "DETRIMENTAL."

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE executors of Froude have come forward to vindicate his treatment of Carlyle against recent attacks. Their line of defence is indicated in the June *Contemporary*, which contains an article by Mr. Ronald McNeill reviewing the controversy. Mr. McNeill says that he never had the privilege of speaking to or even seeing Froude, and that he enjoys no more than a slight acquaintance with any member of his family. His vindication of Froude is practically that Carlyle came across in his wife's diary an entry recording an action long years before, when, in a fit of passion, he had inflicted on her flesh the marks of his physical violence. Mr. McNeill says that to a man of deep feeling such evidence of his own brutality, even if, as is possible, the occasion had passed from his recollection, was enough to excite the remorse which Froude tells us he suffered for the rest of his life. Another suggestion is of such a nature that it cannot be dealt with publicly. All that can be said is that it is repudiated by those who should know best, and that when the controversy comes to such an issue it is time that it should cease.

The charges against Froude are threefold, and they are not adequately dealt with in this vindication. In the first place, there is the charge of inaccuracy. Against this there is really no defence. Professor Norton has proved his case to the hilt, as anyone may know who takes the trouble to examine his editions and compare them with those of Froude. I admit that this is a minor charge, and that Froude was not capable of accuracy. Very much more serious is the fact that Froude printed much that ought never to have been printed. Carlyle and his wife had a fatal way of talking and writing letters and keeping diaries. They said and wrote in private many things which should never have been said or written. In his published work Carlyle was "nobly censorious" in the fine old sense of the words. Privately, he could be cruel and reckless to a degree. The duty of an editor and biographer in such circumstances was to deal with his material reverently, to give the world only what the world had a right to know, to avoid giving unnecessary pain, and, generally speaking, to subject the whole to that careful process of revision and excision which Carlyle himself clearly saw was necessary. If the statements made in the Froude vindication are true, Froude must have known that he was on very dangerous ground, that, having gone a certain way in exposing the tragedy of a married life, he could not help going still further—to a point, indeed, where the interests of common decency and common humanity raised their imperative protest. In the third place, Froude

is charged with having adopted a wrong theory of the Carlyles and garbling his documents in order to support that theory. It is very difficult to clear him of this accusation. The world will learn with deep pain the new fact given in Froude's vindication, but wise men will remember that a cruel tongue can inflict more real and more lasting pain than is possible to physical violence.

The pecuniary side of Froude's relation to Carlyle is a matter of comparatively small importance. But it would seem that Froude profited largely. It seems that he decided to give the American profits

of Carlyle's *Reminiscences* to Carlyle's niece, Mrs. Alexander Carlyle, for the reason that the *Reminiscences* were the work of Carlyle's pen, and not his own. Mr. McNeill says that the lady had no legal right to a penny. The American profits turned out smaller than was expected, and Froude gave Mrs. Carlyle half the English profits. She was not satisfied, and contended that Froude had promised her the whole proceeds of the sale of the *Reminiscences* at home and abroad. In the end, under legal pressure, Froude retained only a small sum as remuneration for editing the volumes, and he eventually assigned to her the copyright of the *Reminiscences*. I cannot see why Mrs. Carlyle was entitled to American profits only on the ground that her uncle wrote the *Reminiscences*. Surely that argument would be conclusive for her claim to all the profits. What was Froude entitled to for his editing? Practically to nothing at all. Further, Mrs. Carlyle claimed that she should have her uncle's papers and that Froude should not write the biography. Froude gave way at first, but afterwards withdrew; but, so far as appears, Froude received the whole profits on his biography, and also on the *Letters and Memorials* of Mrs. Carlyle. No doubt, he thought himself entitled to these, but it must be

owned that the transaction, as a whole, was highly profitable to him in a pecuniary sense, if in no other. And now I hope I have written my last word about this miserable business.

One of the most industrious among the older American men of letters has passed away in the person of Mr. R. W. Stoddard. He was seventy-four, and had been known as a poet and critic for many years. From 1860 to 1870 he was literary reviewer for the *New York World*, and in 1880 he took the same position on the *Mail and Express*, holding it till his death. Though something of a poet, he did not rise to greatness; and though a great critic within his limits, he was easily surpassed by many of larger culture and more highly trained perception.

C. O.



"POPPING THE QUESTION."—VII. THE CELESTIAL STYLE.

THREE NEW BOOKS.

"THE WAY BACK."

By ALBERT KINROSS.
(Constable. 6s.)

The story that Mr. Kinross has to tell is simple enough. A Colossus of the newspaper world, one Bartol, whose interest in his particular group of newspapers is worth three hundred thousand pounds to the Chief Shareholder, suddenly decides to sell out and go in search of a Certain Lady. In other words, he determines to abandon sensation for sentimentality. Accordingly, he sells out, finds the lady—and also finds her husband. The husband, by the way, is a particularly good shot with a pistol, but this fact does not deter the journalist from running away with the wife. Unfortunately for the complete success of the elopement, Bartol, in a moment of miscalculated magnificence, confides the name and address of the Certain Lady to a female person of a low character who has herself been anxious to become attached to Bartol's establishment. The female person hurries away to the marksman of a husband, lays all the facts before him, and the husband promptly follows Mr. Bartol and appeals to his mortality by hitting him in a vital part with a lump of lead. There, briefly put, is the story of "The Way Back." Let us hasten to add that, in the telling, it gains sufficient dignity to redeem, almost, the triteness of the theme. Mr. Kinross has power. He has also brains. He has also a sense of poetry. What he lacks, however, is sympathy. He seems to revel in abnormal characters and to shun the men and women who make up the world in which a relentless Providence has ordained that he shall live. Bartol, Taverner, Climsell, Mrs. Mostyn, Peggy—none of them appeal to the reader as typical of the people he knows. Taverner, most certainly, has no living counterpart in the world of newspapers. The man that Mr. Kinross depicts could never initiate or build up a gigantic business such as the three *Messengers*. Climsell is too invertebrate to gain our sympathy, and Bartol himself disgusts us with his crass idiocy. The best-drawn characters in the book are Mrs. Mostyn, Bartol's dissolute mother, and Jean Sarasin, the wronged husband. With all his faults of construction and character-drawing, however, Mr. Kinross has written a notable novel, and one far in advance of anything that he has written previously. If only he will be content to use instead of parading his brains, there is no reason why he should not attain a prominent place in the army of modern novelists.

"THE SHADOW ON THE QUARTER-DECK."

By MAJOR W. P. DRURY.
(Chapman and Hall. 3s. 6d.)

Major Drury is not a very experienced or a very artistic writer, but he has a good idea of melodrama, and an even better appreciation of comic relief. It is impossible to take his thrilling plot very seriously, for the murder that was no murder, owing to the timely resuscitation of the victim, is a situation of which the *dénouement* is easily guessed even by the novel-reader who is not entirely *blasé*. To say that "The Shadow on the Quarter-Deck" is a tale for the Marines is no doubtful compliment to the gallant author, for the hero, Major Warrender, is a most admirable member of that ancient and honourable corps. His character, indeed, is the best possible peg whereon to have hung some incidental special pleading for the "Jolly, His Majesty's Jolly, soldier and sailor too." In matters of Service detail, Major Drury is, of course, letter-perfect, and this will commend his book to naval and military readers, for the straps and buttons in the picture, so to speak, are all there and all properly worn. The great drawback to the complete success of the writing is that indefinable tendency to be over-genial or over-enthusiastic in the friendly or sentimental dialogue. Major Drury is most natural

in his sketch of Amram Puddifin, the Major's humorous servant, who is worthy of a place beside Handy Andy, Caleb Balderstone, and the other great henchmen of fiction. His untimely death we deplore, for Major Drury might well have followed his career into other volumes.

"THE RED TRIANGLE."

By ARTHUR MORRISON.
(Nash. 6s.)

"The Red Triangle" marks a distinct fall in the literary barometer of the writer who gave us "Tales of Mean Streets" and "The Hole in the Wall," though, doubtless, to those who share Bismarck's liking for detectives—in fiction—it will prove eminently satisfying. Personally, we are a little tired of the ubiquitous "investigator" and his equally ubiquitous Boswell, and, both for

Mr. Arthur Morrison's sake and our own, would willingly play Moriarty to Martin Hewitt's Sherlock Holmes, even at the risk of his reappearance at a later date. Perhaps Mr. Crosland will oblige with a three-and-sixpenny shriek against the type, and bludgeon it out of fiction for a while: "The Diabolic Detective" would be a good title. There is, however, no denying the fact that the book is good of its kind; it is the kind to which we take exception. Each of the six stories contained in it is complete in itself, but each deals with a mysterious red triangle, first found painted on the forehead of a murdered diamond-thief, and there is sufficient continuity of plot and action to weld the series into what is practically a single narrative. The volume opens with the diamond-robbery which results, as before indicated, in the murder of one of the thieves, with the attendant uncertainty as to motive and method dear to the heart of the popular novelist. The next story carries the plot a step further, ends in a second murder, and establishes the fact that death was caused in both instances by a tourniquet. The third adventure is innocent of bloodshed, but the fourth makes amends by providing a suicide in a burnt barn. The fifth deals with the theft of an Admiralty code-book, and is notable for the discovery that hypnotic suggestion is at the root of the master-criminal's power—a fact that enables the author to enter a protest against "persons advertising to teach the practice of hypnotism to anybody who will pay; to anybody

who may use the terrible power as he pleases." In the last, villainy falls before vice after a sensational scene in an old house on a riverside marsh. Thus, it will be seen that Mr. Morrison, perhaps wisely, avoids conventional lines. We shall be glad to chronicle his return to subjects worthier of his powerful pen.



MR. ALFRED AUSTIN (POET LAUREATE), AUTHOR OF
"FLODDEN FIELD," A DRAMA IN VERSE.

Photograph by Langfier, Glasgow.

ON THE TABLE.

"Clerical Love Stories." By Alfred B. Cooper. (Isbister. 3s. 6d.)—The author takes the Decalogue and builds a story round each Commandment.

"Life in the Mercantile Marine." By Charles Protheroe. (Lane.)—Nautical sketches written with the object of giving the reader a true and faithful outline of the conditions that prevail in the life of men who go down to the sea in ships.

"M.R.C.S." By Burford Delannoy. (Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.)—An exciting story with plenty of incident.

"The Strange Adventures of a Magistrate." By T. R. Threlfall. (Everett. 3s. 6d.)—A story in which a burglar plays a prominent part. Although a cheap book, it is printed in a large, clear type which other publishers would do well to imitate.

"The Marquess of Dufferin and Ava." By Charles E. Drummond Black. (Hutchinson. 16s.)—A biographical memoir dealing with the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava as diplomatist, viceroy, and statesman. With a frontispiece portrait in photogravure and twenty-four full-page illustrations.

"The Management of Money." By Lucy H. Yates. (Cox. 1s.)—A handbook of finance for women.

"Ahab, and Other Poems." By Aleister Crowley. (Privately printed at the Chiswick Press. 5s.)

LIFE IN OUR VILLAGE.

BY GUNNING KING.



IV.—“GOSSIPS.”

THE HUMORIST IN PARIS.



AN ELOPEMENT.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.



"STAGE-STRUCK RICHARD; OR, WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY."

A COMEDY WITHOUT WORDS BY RENÉ BULL.

A NOVEL
IN
A NUTSHELL.

A BLIND MAN'S
VISION.

By KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN.



JOHN ASCOUGH makes baskets and other willow-ware at Fold Yate. There is a sign over his shop-door which states that he is blind, and quotes these lines from Milton's noble sonnet—

I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward.

Like Milton's, his eyes "suffer no perceptible alteration from his blindness"; and if you meet him out of doors, surprisingly going at a confident, quick pace, you may fail to guess that he is blind at all. But there is a slight, continual movement of the eyeballs. This gives to his cheerful and ruddy face, when he talks with animation, a look suggesting ecstasy.

I think I was never so drawn to a man at first sight. Courage in adversity is such a pleasant and honourable thing. He stood with his back to the fire talking literature, and my amazement grew; he knew so much more than I did. People, of course, and in particular his own people, had always been glad to read to him. My delight was perfect when his pretty and gentle wife came in with a fine little toddler of two years old, who prattled charmingly. The blind man's face lighted up.

"This'll be a scholar," he said, when the child was in his arms. "This'll be a literary man. There'll be no schoolmaster spoil this if I can hinder."

I forgot, as he did, that he could never hope to see his loved ones, although both the wife and the child were beautiful. The child could see, at all events, and that was enough for him. He told me that for some time after the little chap was born he did not dare to ask about that. It was a great day when he heard the mother cry out and fall into happy tears, having seen two wide blue eyes follow a spoon in her hand. Evidently this blind man had a higher pleasure than sighted people in entering into his boy's consciousness, now very lively and assertive. The child held up a patient kitten by the neck, saying, "See! Pussy!" He nodded a smile, and said, "Ay, pussy, nice pussy!" when he might have answered, "Yes, joy; but Dada can't see it."

A touching thing happened there and then. The child took hold of one finger of the basket-maker's hand in such a way that we knew he wished the kitten to be touched.

"See yo', mother," said the blind man, and she gave an exclamation. It was the first time!

A little silence followed. "I don't think he knows," the wife said, quietly. "It's with feeling his face, John."

As I came to know my blind friend better, his strength appeared in a masculine philosophy. He is a thinker who shirks no difficulties, and to hear his contemptuous gibes at all the pessimists does one good like a hard frost. They are flung out, if you provoke him, in round dialect. "Pain an' sorrow?" he cried once, impatiently. "I see no puzzle i' that! It sould mak' men on us, choose how—not worms, nor yit snarlin' curs. It's there to do so." Oh, a Spartan! Milton's lines are no trade advertisement, but a confession of faith.

To understand the dramatic passage in his life which sets me writing, you must know the exact nature of his disability. He was born with sight. Some ignorant neglect in infancy was the cause of his losing it; and there remains to him a dim visual perception of things hardly more useful than that mysterious "sense of obstacles" which all the blind possess. This, with occasional dreams which vaguely haunt his sleeping consciousness, might tantalise a weaker mind with longings.

One morning, just before the Christmas holidays of last year, the

baby was being washed, when his wife said, "John, I wonder what this rash can be on his face and neck? It's different."

He laid down his trimming-knife, struck by the note of dubious cheerfulness, and went to see about it. But there was nothing that he could feel. He asked if the boy looked poorly.

"Oh, no!" she told him. "He's a bit restless, that's all. But I—ther's things 'at begin so."

"What things?"

"I do—not know, rightly. Measles. An' scarlet fever."

They agreed that there was no occasion to send for a doctor, and John went on working. For all that, he listened more acutely than usual to the baby chatter and her bright replies. He was searching, but as if the matter did not concern them, for the reason why this peril of infectious disease runs through the world; and he could not find it. "Of course," he said, "we've no title to live; none of us. We've no say in 't." That was an old reflection. John held that a man should never hold his life dear, obviously. Then he thought of the exuberance of creative force; how, in plant life, a thousand seeds were said to be perfected for one that takes root.

His wife was making a little frock. He could hear the rapid catch of the thimble, and the thread drawn. "No," she was saying, "Jackie not go out to-day. Cold to-day. Jackie keep warm and grow to be a big man."

"T' little chap seems lively!" he called out.

"Oh, he is!" she answered, which somehow pulled at his heart-strings.

Next morning he awoke with an apprehension of something doing, and was aware of his wife raised upon an elbow, busy with the child. "It's spread over his little chest and his arms," she said.

He got up and partly dressed himself, to light the fire and make her a cup of tea. It was what he had done ever since she became a mother, and for the first time it seemed an unhelpful and empty service.

"I think," he said, on taking up the tea, "when ye're donned, ye sould show him to some o' t' neighbours."

Neighbours dropped in all day, but it appeared that none of them could say for certain what the child was sickening for. It might be one of many things. He did not look so bad, they allowed; but sickness was what all young married folk had to expect, and they gave many instances in proof of this. It was kindly meant, to be sure; but it set John Ascough's nerves in a fever for his wife.

"Ah, well, my lass," he said, when the last comforter was gone, "a doctor 'ould set wer minds to rest. It cannot be all t' complaints they've talked about, choose how. But I think if I'd mi seeght, I'd make better use on't nor some o' them natterin' Nans, my word!"

What troubled him unexpectedly was the long silence that came before she spoke. "Do yo' mean me to go, then?" she faltered.

"Why, ay," said he, with a gentleness.

"Eh, John! If he be ta'en!"

To go for the doctor is an admission that there is danger. John said what he could to give her courage, but, left alone with his child, he had to sound the depths of his own dismay. He took the bright little fellow on his knee, but he could say nothing to him after the first word; and presently the boy was silent too, getting no answers. Afterwards, John showed me where he sat, on the sofa under a long window. They make an affecting picture in my study of imagination—the man's face in shadow, his gaze apparently fixed high upon the wall, the child sometimes looking up at him. It was the afternoon, and a wan winter sun streamed in in vain and lighted up the cherub head.

Snow in the road deadened all sounds outside. He sat so for a long time, in a misery to which his mind was dulled; he remembers only a strange labouring of blood in his ears, and a little hand that turned his finger about or tugged at his sleeve. Then he felt the tiny head fall. "Jackie warm?" he asked; "Jackie happy?" And the child tried to say, "Happy."

He listened till the slower breathing told of sleep; and thereupon, because he could not pass his hand for comfort over the soft, round face, a sharp twinge of grief went through him for the first time in life at the thought of his blindness. It brought a rain of tears. "Dark—all dark!" he groaned. "And this I mi arms I mun niver see."

When the passion had abated, he peered for at least the shadowy glimpse that sometimes made his darkness visible. To catch it, he had to look away from the object, there being, it seems, a thinner spot in the cataract at one corner of the lens. But now he could by no means find it.

The disappointment was bitter. He began, in his simplicity, to pray a strange prayer. "Oh, God," he said, "I'm blind; and Thou, 'at planned some to see an' some not, Thou knows I niver plein—I can think it 'r weel ordered." But the petition in his heart his lips refused to utter, for why should he, a small unit in one among the myriads of God's worlds, be so bold as to ask a miracle? To ask was, indeed, to "plein." Instead, the mortal fear for his darling's life burst from him: "Do not do too much, Lord! I *am* but a man."

The child startled him by speaking. "I want Mamma!" he cried.

His alarm had to be appeased, and for the moment John forgot himself. "Mamma's comin' soon—soon. Mamma's comin'," he soothed. "That's a little man! He'll stop wi' his Dada, willn't he, while Mamma comes—ay, while pretty Mamma comes?"

Quiet at once, the boy put up a warm hand to his cheek, saying, "What Dada cry for?" And in that instant came the miracle.

In what seemed to him a glory, he saw—saw for as long, perhaps, as a man may hold his breath—the beautiful face. Its position, and that of his arm, were amiss—higher and more askance than the child lay nestling. The vision looked small, moreover. But it was clear. The wistful big eyes moved, and, for a crowning proof of reality, the lips moved also when the boy at his breast repeated that sweet question. Then darkness covered him again, and stupefaction.

He shrank as though the hand of God had touched him. He was violently trembling. Yet, while this fear laid hold upon his limbs and searched him to the centre, he still thought of nothing but the colour, and brightness, and clear-embodied shape, of the marvel he had

seen; these being all unimagined and amazing to him. The shock was such that he did not at once know where he was, or whether the child were still in his arms. He called out, "Jackie!"

The small voice answered, "Dada not cry," and it was still at his breast.

He heard himself laugh, felt a hot shame go over him at the sound of it, and sprang to his feet in great excitement.

What had happened? Was it, indeed, a *miracle*? Or might it be some nice adjustment of a lens of tears with his needle's point of seeing cornea? He dared not say; and he will never know—unless it should happen a second time. But, as he regained composure, a darkly superstitious thought, such as did not belong to his mind in ordinary moods, offered itself to interpret the prodigy. Was it God's rebuke?

Loth to part with his treasure blind, was he to know how much more difficult such a loss may be to fathers blessed with sight?

Fearful thoughts came thick. Why had he seen the face removed and so small? Was it real, that incredible radiant loveliness, or was it a vision? He clasped the child with a feeling as if at any moment it might be snatched away, and the further time of waiting for the doctor was a fever. The poor fellow had abandoned hope, but resignation was far from him. His whole thought was a sick apprehension, a fretful hurry of fear, for the delicate, anxious mother bringing a sentence of death. At last, the stir of her coming in the snow rustled on his ear. He could not face her. He laid the child upon the sofa and blundered into his work-shop; and, there listening, he heard her catch her darling up and sob as she kissed him.

Then she called, "John!"

"Is he none comin'?" he got out.

"Directly, lad," she answered; and it appeared that she had only spoken to be sure that he was there, for the caressing talk went on, distracting him. The nice doctor would soon be here to look at little Jackie and make him better. He should go out in his pretty new hat and cape then; Jackie should go out in the beautiful white snow and see the sunshine, and never be poorly no more.

The blind man grasped a basket between his knees, and great waters went over him. He heard nothing more of that unendurable fond prattle.

"Oh, no; oh, no!" That was the doctor talking. "Not the least necessity. Just his blood out of order. Give him nothing sweet for a day or two, and I'll send you . . ."

"Oh, thank God!" cried the blind man.

THE UNACKNOWLEDGED CRICKETER.

BY A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

While many a "daily" now reports
The deeds that crown or shame us,
And cricketers of various sorts
Are all becoming famous,
There's one who greatly plays the game
Until he's dead or pensioned,
And yet in those reports his name
Is never even mentioned.

They never give his name a place
In any newsy corner,
Although he plays with Gunn and Grace,
With Whitehead and with Warner;
That they should thus ignore his play
Looks rather mean and stingy:
They never overlook McGahey,
Or Young, or Ranjitsinhji.

When Hayward made a record score
O'er which the world has gloated,
This man the papers so ignore
Was playing there unnoted;
He never treads the turf in vain,
He strives as Trott or Mead does,
But those who gaze at Fry and Fane
Are blind to all that he does.

His style's simplicity itself,
It's slow and strong and stable;
He cannot bowl like Wass or Relf,
Or bat like Jones or Abel,
Yet, in his way, he's next to none,
His work is never barren
And couldn't be more neatly done
By Foster or MacLaren.

He can't compare with Hayes or Haigh,
But wherefore should we flout him?
'Tis said that Vine and Crawford say
They couldn't play without him;
And Brown and Denton own that if
He idled at a distance,
They'd fail (and so would Tunnicliffe)
For want of his assistance.

Unhonoured still, he does his best,
Nor envies others' winnings;
While more-applauded players rest,
He has his lonely innings,
When batsmen pitch their bats and all
Their paddings from them (which is
When bowlers cease to pitch their ball),
He runs and rolls their pitches!



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THE time has come when the attempt of the ill-bred and ill-educated handful of so-called playgoers to interfere with the pleasure of the great majority of the audience must be put down, and put down with a strong hand if necessary. So much latitude has already been allowed to these men and women—for,

lamentable though it is to admit, there are women among them, that now they believe they are dictators on whose whim depends the life or death of a play, just as, in the old days of the Roman Circus, the fate of a gladiator hung on the up or down turned thumb of the spectators. On the first-night of Mr. Tree's brilliant revival of "Trilby," these self-constituted arbiters of the drama's destiny went a step farther and sought to bring artistic disaster to Mr. Edmund Maurice, whose portrait as Talbot Wynne, better known as "Taffy," we have much pleasure in giving. It is a matter of common knowledge that, when Mr. Maurice stepped on the stage, his entrance was marked by a persistent howling or "booing," which proved that it was the result of a pre-arranged conspiracy, a fact that may well be used by



MR. EDMUND MAURICE AS TALBOT WYNNE
IN "TRILBY," AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

some public-spirited Manager should he decide to invoke the aid of the law, if that be necessary, in order to stop, once and for all, a nuisance which has grown intolerable.

The cause for the gallery's outburst against Mr. Maurice is well known, and shows the patient and persistent animosity of the disturbers. When the Criterion Theatre re-opened after the structural alterations which involved the removal of the gallery, there was, as playgoers will remember, a noisy demonstration against the Managerial policy among the displaced galleryites, who were in the pit. Eventually the police had to be called in to turn these people out. There were cries of "Rescue!" from the malcontents and their partisans, and it looked as if there were likely to be trouble. In fact, there was a hand-to-hand encounter between the unruly men and the police. Mr. Maurice was sitting in the last row of the stalls, and, noticing that there were many women in the pit who might be injured in the scrimmage, he got over into the pit, in order, if possible, to prevent some of them being hurt. He had no idea of ejecting or attempting to eject anyone. That his action should be misconstrued is a matter which he much regrets, though he, not unnaturally, feels that, if there were a grievance against him, it would have been more "sporting" and more in accordance with fair play if the malcontents had retaliated at the time of the occurrence, instead of waiting for many weeks and then taking advantage of an opportunity when he was unable in any way to defend himself.

Jeannette Hadingue, familiar to the theatrical world as Madame Jane Hading, hails from Marseilles, where she was born in 1861. She was only three years of age when she made her début as the doll in the "Bossu" at the leading theatre in the town. She built up her education practically by incessant work, and, when she timidly ventured towards Paris, she found that her fame had gone before her, and the Palais-Royal, the Renaissance, the Gymnase, the Vaudeville, the Porte-Saint-Martin, and the Odéon were only too anxious to secure her services. I should give to Madame Jane Hading the credit of being the most exquisitely dressed woman on the Paris stage. More than anyone she may claim to set the fashion, for she thinks nothing

of introducing an entirely new shade of colour and risking something revolutionary in sleeves. Sarah Bernhardt will during her London season create Josephine in "Plus que Reine," which was originally produced by Madame Jane Hading at the Porte-Saint-Martin with enormous success.

After a week of "Sapho," Madame Jane Hading will produce at the Coronet "La Seconde Madame Tanqueray," translated literally from the English of Pinero by her brother Maxime, under the direct supervision of the author. Madame Hading, who brought over a strong Company, numbering, among others, M. Duquesne, who will play Aubrey Tanqueray, is to produce "La Princesse Georges," "La Dame aux Camélias," "L'Aventurière," "Adrienne Lecouvreur," "Le Maître des Forges," "Les Demi-Vierges" (to be called "Maud" in London), besides the plays mentioned above. She would have liked to give us "Plus que Reine" as well, in which Duquesne's Napoleon is excellent, but the scenery is too complicated and too heavy for easy transport, and, as she is going on to South America from London, this had to be considered.

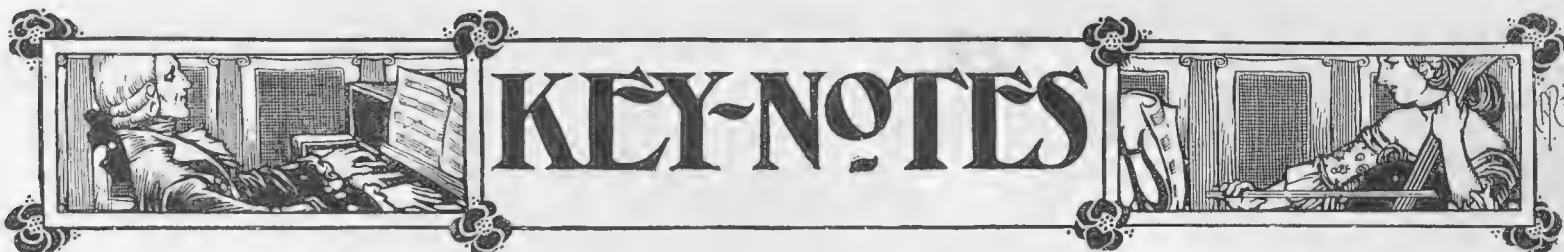
You may remember a hint that appeared in these columns to the effect that Mr. John Hare might join Mr. Charles Frohman either in England or America. As regards this matter, I have now to say that Mr. Frohman has secured Mr. Hare, and that he will run that excellent comedian in a new play written by Mr. Barrie. As to Mr. Hare's some time ago probable engagement with Mr. Frohman, I will confess that I understood it would start with a new play adapted from Thackeray's "Pendennis," which was, as a matter of fact, one of the many adaptations mentioned by me in last week's *Sketch* group of coming plays dramatised from important novels. It is now apparent that the play which Mr. Barrie is writing around Mr. Hare is not this "Pendennis" play which has been indicated in connection with that fine comedian. And yet, in sooth, it might very well have been, seeing that it was Mr. Barrie who, for one of his earliest dramatic essays, selected a portion of "Vanity Fair" and called it "Becky Sharp."

Speaking of dramas written around certain important characters in literature or history, I may, perhaps, be allowed to mention that yet another play built around Robert Emmett is about to be produced. I say "another" play because I remember that I have in my time heard of several "Emmett" plays, including one written some years ago for Sir Henry Irving. The writer was, if I remember rightly, the late Frank Marshall.



MADAME JANE HADING AS PAULA TANQUERAY.

Photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.



MADAME PATTI seems—'tis a commonplace to say so!—to have learnt the secret of eternal youth. At her concert last week at the Albert Hall she sang with quite an amazing freshness of voice, and, of course, it followed that, in compliance with the demands of her audience, she gave innumerable encores. In Verdi's "Ernani Involami" she sang with extraordinary fineness and richness of voice; her phrasing is really wonderful. For an encore she sang Mozart's "Batti, Batti," and with Mozart she is always on the right, familiar terms. Her singing of "Angels Ever Bright and Fair" was quite delightful, and, of course, the concert would not have been complete unless Madame Patti sang "Home, Sweet Home," an effort which naturally was enthusiastically applauded. Miss Ada Crossley sang an air by Haydn, which was encored; her rich contralto voice was, later, heard to fine advantage in "On the Banks of Allan Water." Mr. Santley, that strange ensample in our day of perpetual youth and of everlasting vigour, also sang with wonderful spirit an air from "I Fuorusciti," giving for an encore "To Anthea" as only Mr. Santley can give it. Mr. William Green also appeared during the afternoon, and in an air from Liza Lehmann's "In a Persian Garden" he was heard to particular advantage. M. Ysaye contributed violin solos to the afternoon's entertainment—"Que diable fait il dans cette galère?"—and the concert was in every way most enjoyable and interesting.

The Philharmonic Society gave a further concert of its present series last Thursday evening, under the direction of Mr. Frederic Cowen, the programme starting with Brahms's Symphony No. 3 (in F). It was exceedingly well interpreted, but the work—though the criticism may arouse all Bournemouth in anger—did not stimulate the present writer to any great enthusiasm. The novelty of the evening was Mr. Reginald Somerville's dramatic Scena, "The Ballad of Thyra Lee." The orchestration is altogether prepossessing, and Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies sang the vocal part with all the necessary dramatic feeling. The Gypsy feeling in the Scena is really well worked out, and altogether Mr. Somerville displayed in its construction and inspiration a genuinely fine musicianly feeling. Mr. Max Wolfsthal played the solo-violin part of Lalo's "Sinfonie Espagnole," making therewith his first appearance at these concerts; such a performance as this did not give Mr. Wolfsthal much opportunity, but his methods are quick and vital, and, on the whole, he showed to considerable advantage. Mr. Josef Hofmann was the solo-pianist of the concert, and played the solo part in Rubinstein's Concerto (in D Minor) for Pianoforte and Orchestra. But who shall criticise the Concerto? Who has the pluck or spirit to say how far the man's evident meaning and spirit estrayed from the beauty in accomplishment after which he sought so ardently? A critic here and there. But who believes the word of such a critic? No man, assuredly.

Mr. Landon Ronald's afternoon concert at the St. James's Hall last week was extremely interesting, a large number of well-known artists taking part in the entertainment. Madame Suzanne Adams sang Mr. Ronald's "Sunbeams" very charmingly indeed, and emphasised the fact that Mr. Ronald is an exquisite musician. He seems to have inherited the genuine sentiment of the song-writer, a thing which stands quite apart from the ordinary ballad, a fact which Mr. Ronald fully realises. He is a musician who invariably treats his literary subject in a musicianly manner; he is never commonplace or vulgar, and he shows in everything that he does the most intimate feeling for the art which he has chosen to make his own.

As one is on the subject of Mr. Ronald, it may be recorded that he has just completed a most beautiful Scena, the libretto of which consists of a dramatic selection of verses from that most

exquisite of Shelley's poems, "Adonais." The selections have been made by Mr. Vernon Blackburn.

On Tuesday, June 2, at Covent Garden, Gounod's "Faust" was given, Madame Blauvelt making her first appearance at the Opera as Marguerite. She sings very sweetly, but her voice is scarcely powerful enough for so large a theatre. She was more than ordinarily nervous, and, of course, under the circumstances such a situation calls for all our sympathy; her voice is true and telling, and in appearance she was all that could be desired for the part. Madame Fritz Scheff was again the Siebel and was in every way most attractive. Madame Scheff gives one the impression of one who, charming in every way, might accomplish more than she does actually achieve. M. Plançon was, as usual, a wonderful, indeed, an ideal Mephistopheles; Mdlle. Bauermeister, who is always useful, was most amusing in the garden scene in conjunction with M. Plançon. M. Salignac's Faust was good (with a difference—to use the old slang term), and M. Seveilhac gave really a capital rendering of the part of Valentine. M. Mancinelli conducted with his well-known assurance, and the chorus both sang and acted well.

MM. Godowsky and Thibaud gave a pianoforte and violin recital at the Bechstein Hall a few days ago. The concert opened with Brahms's Sonata for Pianoforte and Violin in D Minor, and was played with great delicacy and feeling; but it is, nevertheless, impossible for the present writer to feel any deep sympathy with the work. M. Thibaud played Saint-Saëns' "Havanaise," Svendsen's "Romance," and Marsick's "Scherzando" with moderate success, while M. Godowsky, in certain Chopin Studies arranged by himself for the left hand alone, played with brilliance. The concert was certainly interesting, including also a Sonata by Cesar Franck.

COMMON CHORD.

Mdlle. Rosa Olitzka, the famous Russian contralto, has earned a considerable reputation in this country both as a concert-singer and as an exponent of Wagnerian rôles. Indeed, if I remember rightly, it was as Elsa in "Lohengrin" that she first appeared at Covent Garden, some four or five years ago, during the Carl Rosa Company's English Opera season. Next Monday, Mdlle. Olitzka and Miss Minnie Tracey will give a vocal recital at the St. James's Hall, when they will be assisted by Miss Annie de Jong (violinist) and Mr. Kolni-Balozky ('cellist). On that occasion Mdlle. Olitzka will sing a number of songs by Meyerbeer, Schubert, Brahms, Mascagni, and various other old and modern Masters.

Miss Mary Garden is generally spoken of as an American artist, but this is incorrect. She was born and bred in Aberdeen. She received her first musical training, however, in Chicago, to which place business caused her father to transfer his home before she was quite grown up. At Chicago she studied for four years under Mrs. Duff, and then went to Paris to complete her musical education under Messrs. Fugère and Chevalier. Her operatic career began with dramatic suddenness. In the early part of 1900, Miss Garden, at practically a moment's notice, took Madame Ristori's part in "Louise" at the Opéra-Comique in Paris. She was, in fact, summoned from the stalls to go upon the stage and won an immediate success. Miss Garden played the third Act in her ordinary evening-dress, and when the curtain fell she received a real ovation and her reputation was made. Since then she has sung Louise no less than a hundred and sixteen times in Paris alone. In addition to Louise, her principal rôles have been Juliet, Manon, La Traviata, and Mélisande, which she created in Paris last year. Miss Garden sang last year at Covent Garden, and she has also sung at Monte Carlo and Aix-les-Bains. With these exceptions, the whole of her operatic career has been spent in Paris.



MDLLE. ROSA OLITZKA.

Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.



The "Silly Season"—Foreign Tyres—A. Striking Demonstration—Racing.

HARD put to it for a "Silly Season" subject, a correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* has given accidents in the Paris-Madrid race as a cue, and in a lengthy diatribe on the terrors of motoring, written with all the verbose facility of the practised journalist, has set fire to a train of the most one-sided, prejudiced, and ignorant charges against automobilism that even the sensational columns of the great Fleet Street daily has ever known. As a counterblast to this torrent of inaccuracies, Mr. W. Rees Jeffreys, the Administrative Secretary of the Automobile Club, has been at some pains to gather statistics with regard to the returns of fatal street accidents in London, and to show by undeniable figures the almost absolute immunity of the motor-car from such regrettable incidents. These figures show clearly that the impression sought to be made by the scare-mongers of the *Daily Telegraph* is quite without basis. As a matter of fact, the average number of persons killed by self-propelled vehicles in the shape of light locomotives since the passage of the Act of 1896 is actually less than one per annum. And yet, to read the outpourings of the hysterical correspondents of our daily contemporary, it might well be supposed that every motor-car that ran upon the King's highway was a very chariot of Boadicea for death-dealing. As a matter of cold fact, the vehicles proscribed as the most dangerous are the safest, while those of the perils of which the public take no regard are very Juggernauts for their tale of victims.

Every self-esteemed practical owner of a motor-car believes himself capable of tackling any ordinary tyre-repair, so long as the necessity therefor has not come to him; but, as one who has struggled in season and out of season with recalcitrant covers, let me tell him here and at once that the job is not so easy as it seems. What I would recommend car-owners who are their own mechanics, and particularly those whose wheels are shod with the excellent tyres of the Continental Caoutchouc and Rubber Company, is to obtain the clear and concise little pamphlet on tyre-repair issued by that Company, and to study the directions and advice therein given before the necessity arises for putting the Company's counsel into practice.

Continental-tyres are growing in use day by day, and the fact that the set fitted to Mr. Charles Jarrott's 35 horse-power De Dietrich, upon which he ran into second place in the Versailles-Bordeaux stage of the Paris-Madrid race, carried him through without mishap of any kind is certain still further to increase their popularity.

Just before the holidays, a number of the members of the Automobile Club ran down to Hertford, at the invitation of the Mayor of that ancient town, and gave a demonstration of the stopping and steering capabilities of the modern autocar before his Worship and a large number of County "J.P.'s" and Councillors. In front of the picturesque Shire Hall, several cars were pitted against a horse-drawn wagonette fitted with a brake, and showed the superior stopping qualities of the self-propelled vehicle. The wagonette and motor-cars ran side by side down the street and stopped at an unexpected signal. Measurements were then taken of the distance in which each vehicle was brought to a state of rest, and the results told triumphantly in favour of the cars. The speed at which the vehicles ran was about nine miles per hour, and while the wagonette, on the first attempt, took 52 ft. in which to stop, the Lanchester car pulled up in 17 ft. On the second trial, the wagonette ran 29 ft. on after the signal and the car 15 ft. 9 in.; while in the third trial, in which Captain Deasy's 24 horse-power Rochet-Schneider car tried conclusions with the horse-drawn vehicle, the results were 24 ft. 8 in. and 42 ft. 5 in. respectively. Subsequently, demonstrations of stopping at a signal on Port Hill and steering in and out and about fixed points were also given before the company "tea'd" with the Mayor at Bengo Lodge.

The day of the racing of weight-pared monstrosities is dead. The lamentable but easily preventable fatalities of the Paris-Madrid race have killed it for good and all, and no one, makers or drivers, in their hearts regret it. True, the Gordon Bennett is yet to come, but, if that event is handled as I believe it will be handled by the Automobile Club, the only peril will be to the drivers of the competing cars.



LATEST PORTRAIT OF THE EARL OF DUDLEY (LORD-LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND) ON HIS TWELVE HORSE-POWER PANHARD-LEVASSOR.

Taken at Rockingham by Lafayette, Dublin.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

The St. Leger—This Week—Ascot—Race-Glasses—Owners.

IT is rumoured that His Majesty the King may honour the Doncaster meeting with his presence this year, to see Mead run for the St. Leger. The colt met with bad luck in the Derby, as he got knocked out of his stride. He is certain, in my opinion, to develop into a stayer, and it is very likely that he will trouble Rock Sand on the Town Moor. But, unless I am sadly mistaken, Sir James Miller's colt is a few pounds above the top class of our three-year-olds. Vinicius should certainly run at Doncaster if he were mine. The French colt lacked the services of a strong jockey at Epsom. He requires plenty of handling, and a man like M. Cannon would do him full justice. Flotsam is very likely to improve with age, but I do not think he will ever beat Rock Sand again. It is just possible that the race for the St. Leger will attract a fair number of horses, as John Porter may discover something presently good enough to send to the post on the off-chance. At present I look upon the race as being a good thing for Rock Sand, and I shall be grievously disappointed if the King's colt does not finish in the first three. Mead will be ridden by H. Jones, a very good jockey.

condition at last, and owners need not hesitate to run their horses at the meeting. It is expected that Lord Carnarvon will win the Royal Hunt Cup, but it is too early to guess at the best of his lot entered. Rock Sand will very likely win the St. James's Palace Stakes. Flotsam may go for the Rous Memorial Stakes, and I do think Sceptre ought to win the Hardwicke Stakes. Rabelais may win the Ascot Derby. The two-year-old races are best left alone until the numbers have gone up, as there are several "dark" youngsters due to run at the meeting. With regard to the Gold Cup, I think, in the absence of Sceptre, that Rising Glass will go very close.

The majority of racegoers use field-glasses, although I find myself capable of discerning the running better by the aid of the naked eye. I think the Club Managers ought to keep a supply of glasses for their patrons, these to be available to the first-comers free of charge. True, there is a glass-merchant, a highly respectable man, who does a great trade on our racecourses, but the time has, I think, arrived when race-glasses should be provided by the Clubs for the use of those ladies



PADDY AND HIS MOTOR.

Photograph by Lawrence, Dublin.

Lingfield Park is one of the prettiest enclosures in the Metropolitan district, and I am very glad to hear that the racecourse has become a good paying property. It is ably managed by Mr. R. R. Fowler, a highly popular and experienced official. The meeting to take place this week should prove a big draw, as the South Coast watering-places are crowded with visitors, the majority of whom make a point of "doing" the local race-meetings. The Imperial Plate is the chief dish of the meeting, and it looks a good thing for Our Lassie. A one-day fixture is given to Hurst Park on Saturday, for why I know not, seeing that racing took place at the Molesey enclosure on June 1 and 2. Anyway, the meeting is well managed, reflecting the highest credit on Mr. J. Davis, the Managing Director. I suppose the Duchess of York Plate will attract some good horses to the post. Chaucer, who has, it is said, been specially prepared for this race, looks good. The Hurst Park Foal Plate may be won by John o' Gaunt, who is a smart two-year-old. As I predicted a few weeks back, the opening of the electric tramways has added largely to the gate-takings both at Kempton Park and Hurst Park, and the shareholders of both Racecourse Companies must be delighted. While the Kempton shareholders can receive increased dividends, the Hurst Park proprietors are tied down to ten per cent. dividends under the new rule of the Jockey Club.

The rhododendrons at Ascot are now in full bloom, and, with the chestnut-trees the same, the scene just now is a perfect dream. Major Clement has really and truly got the course into capital going

and gentlemen who do not possess glasses or have left them at home. We find some Racing Clubs that give their members free luncheons and free teas, and the system, I happen to know, works extremely well. I can fancy some wag asking, "Why not supply patrons with money to bet with?" But betting is a luxury, while eating, drinking, and, I might add, viewing the racing, is, in the majority of cases, an absolute necessity.

The South African millionaires have been so useful to the Turf that it is pleasant to find Mr. J. B. Joel owning so many useful horses. In Morton he has one of the very best trainers in England, who has been well to the fore in his profession since he trained Sailor Prince for the Cambridgeshire. Sailor Prince, who was ridden by A. White, just managed to beat St. Mirrin, who was the mount of F. Archer, on the post. Mr. Joel has a good tried horse in Sundridge, who, I am told, was turned out for a time before being put in strict training. Our Lassie, too, is a useful filly that should go on winning races. It was hard lines for her owner when she went off just before the Lincoln Handicap. Mr. Solly Joel is, I am told, going in largely for racing, and he will presently have a long string of horses in C. Peck's stable at Chilton. Mr. Barnato is fond of the Sport of Kings, and it is needless to add that the "Barnato group" are highly popular in the racing world. Now that "our old nobility" are too poor to own horses, it is lucky for the Turf that the South African diamond-fields yield so well.

CAPTAIN COE.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THE ball at the Grafton Galleries on Thursday last in aid of disabled soldiers of the Essex Regiment was extremely well done. Lady Warwick and Mrs. Cecil Colvin worked hard to ensure its success. Lady Petre, Lady Gwendoline Colvin, Lady Gatacre, Lady Hart, and Miss Smart Walker all brought parties.

eyes and rose-red nasal organs were our Nemesis, however, not to speak of the dust. Never did I more want a "Claxton" veil, with its invaluable mask of colourless material, which so effectually protects the eyes and face from boisterous Boreas as he is known from the front-seat of a twenty horse-power Darracq. Nor is it alone for motoring the "Claxton" is a very *vade-mecum*. In a Highland mist or rough weather far north as Skye have I found its sheltering care keep one's fringe from wandering and one's eyes from watering—items that make beauty plain and plainness appalling. From north-east winds one may not hope in this life to be debarred; but its politics may, at least, be confounded with a "Claxton" veil, which costs but seven-and-six and may be bought at 108, Strand.

We were taken to "Dante" some nights since by a friend who upheld the highly improper theory that he would like Heaven for the climate and another nameless domicile for the company; but "Dante" quite cured him of this idiosyncrasy, as all the clever people "down below" were so wrapped in flames or ice and misery that they were affrighting and not at all amusing, a fact which had escaped consideration before. "Dante" fits Sir Henry as tightly as his classic cap, and Miss Lena Ashwell in robes of silver tissue and Venetian-red hair was a charming vision.

Though we have hardly got into hot weather yet, and the season is swinging irrespective of meteorological reports, people have already begun to discuss shootings and autumn plans, and are busily filling up dates for country-house parties later on. Warm days when butter loses its backbone and has to be propped up with ice have not arrived to stay yet, apparently, but when they do it will



[Copyright.]

A PRETTY NEW DRESS OF WHITE AND RED.

Mrs. Cecil Powney and Lady Borwick were also amongst those who gave dinners for the occasion, as were Lady Champion de Crespigny, Mrs. Scott Napier, and many well-known others, so that the Cottage Homes which it is proposed to benefit by this well-supported dance should grow apace.

On Saturday we moted down to Hurlingham, where frocks and fashions—not always synonymous—and *fillettes* disported themselves on the green lawns. The impression given was that it is a decidedly young girls' Season in the matter of clothes. The large, floppy hats and diaphanous gowns really suit sweet-and-twenty so exactly, but are, nathless, rather incongruous on its Mamma. As everybody, however, has the fiercest determination to remain young nowadays, some droll effects are inevitably forthcoming in such crowds, notably when peroxide and pink powder are employed to support the juvenilities of fifty. I truly sympathise with the afflicted maidens of over-young mothers nowadays. Not only are they hopelessly handicapped by the *chic* young married woman of the age, but desperately youthful maternal parents must further attenuate their few opportunities by inviting the criticisms of the shy and diverted male. Truly, to be a damosel in 1903 is to endure a state of being, however well dressed, that invites some embittered reflection.

Meanwhile, our return journey to town was performed at nearly double regulation speed, and we flew past gesticulating policemen and irate citizens at break-neck speed, leaving behind clouds of dust, well-voiced objurgations, and petroleum-fumes galore. Streaming



[Copyright.]

A SMART YACHTING-GOWN OF NAVY-BLUE SERGE.

be found a good tip to use the "4711" Eau-de-Cologne in bath and basin. It has the power of refreshing to an extraordinary degree—much more than ordinary brands of Cologne-water—and the "pavement headache" with which so many sightseers suffer in summer yields to its use almost immediately. In this connection

one must not omit to mention a new scent brought out by the celebrated Mülhens of Cologne, called "Violetta Graziella," which puts even their famous "Rhine Violet" on its mettle. It is a



MASTER PERCY AND MISS EILEEN BARRY,
LITTLE PRIZE-WINNERS AT THE DANCING COMPETITION HELD
AT THE OIRFACHTAS IN DUBLIN.

by Mrs. Peel, published by Constable and Co., Whitehall Gardens, which should be what you want. I think "Our Homes and How to Beautify Them" is published by Warings, but am not certain. If these are not what you want, write to one of the big libraries, Smith's or Mudie's. They would send you lists, I am quite sure.

SYBIL.

The Dress Designers' Exhibition Society, formed for the purpose of holding exhibitions of designs of all kinds relating to dress, has hired a portion of the Doré Gallery, 35, New Bond Street, until June 20 next, and here may be seen exhibits of painted and embroidered dresses, costumes, dress-trimmings, fans, laces of all kinds, theatrical costumes, jewellery, buckles, clasps, as well as hand-woven materials, millinery, leather goods, and also studies and sketches of costumes. This collection should certainly be visited by those who take an interest in the art of dress.

This solid silver shield was presented by Sir Samuel Scott, Bart., to the New Sundridge Park Golf Club, opened by the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour. It was manufactured by the Alexander Clark Manufacturing Company, 188, Oxford Street, W., and 125 and 126, Fenchurch Street, E.C.

Oakley Court, the beautiful Thames-side place of which was published a photograph in *The Sketch* recently, has not, as was then stated, been let for some years past. It became the property of Mr. W. B. Avery some eight years ago, and since his ownership no such letting has taken place, nor, as those familiar with the beauty of the estate can well understand, has the idea occurred to him to do so.

Art-lovers and sportsmen will doubtless need no reminding that to-day the contents of Mr. John Sturgess's Studio will be sold by Messrs. Foster at 54, Pall Mall. Mr. Sturgess is compelled to leave London in consequence of ill-health, hence the dispersal of his collection. In addition to many hunting and coaching pictures by the artist himself, a number of studies from which his portraits of celebrated racehorses were painted will be offered for sale, together with many valuable engravings, trial-proofs, statuettes, and other works of art.



SOLID SILVER GOLF-CLUB SHIELD.

A RANELAGH INNOVATION.

Even Summer Clubs are apt to be conservative, but Ranelagh may be heartily congratulated on its latest innovation. That is a group of bandsmen, who, habited in quaint white frock-coats, with scarlet caps and trousers, discourse sweet music each afternoon and evening. The Ranelagh Orchestra has proved a decided success, and vies in popularity with the new tea-room, which has been so arranged that members and their friends can there enjoy their tea and polo simultaneously. To-day (June 10), "Aldershot Day," a wonderful programme will be got through. In addition to a number of polo-matches, there will be military sports and a gymnastic display, in the presence of Lord Roberts and of some five or six thousand minor folk of high degree.

On Wednesday (May 27) a very pleasant invitation concert (the seventeenth of the series) was given at Messrs. Moore and Moore's, 104, Bishopsgate Street Within. Its object was to show that the "Simplex" piano-player is capable of taking the pianoforte part in concerted music. After the first few bars of the Mendelssohn Trios, the most important pieces performed during the afternoon, the audience quite forgot to listen critically to the marvellous way in which the "Simplex" answered to the calls made upon it by the performer and listened with pleasure to an excellent performance of Mendelssohn's beautiful music. The chamber-music was played by Messrs. Mussett, Williams, and H. P. Moore, the latter gentleman being at the "Simplex." In the intervals of the concert, Mr. H. Keatley Moore, Mus. Bac., delivered a lecturette on the subject of "Music and Mechanism," defending the "Simplex" from the charge of being merely mechanical, except in so far as the same might be said of a Paderewski or a Joachim, on account of the years of drudgery necessary to acquire faultless technique, a point illustrated with many apt anecdotes which kept the large audience in a perpetual bubble of laughter.



THE CORONATION CUP.

The Coronation Cup and Salver were won by Mr. E. L. Heineman's Valenza at Epsom. Beautifully modelled and chased in high relief, the Cup is one of the finest racing trophies ever produced. Both were designed and modelled by His Majesty's silversmiths, Mappin and Webb, Limited, of Regent Street, Oxford Street, and Queen Victoria Street.

Passengers who purpose visiting Ascot for the races on June 16, 17, 18, and 19, should travel by the Great Western Railway to Windsor, and thence through the charming scenery of Windsor Great Park. In addition to the ordinary train service on each of the race-days, special fast trains, at ordinary fares, will leave Paddington for Windsor at convenient times, returning in the evening, and well-appointed four-horse brakes will be provided to convey passengers from Windsor Station to the course and back. Daily excursions are run from Paddington to Windsor and back at a third-class fare.

The Great Central Railway has made further progress in catering for the comfort of passengers. Each of its expresses is vestibuled and has a buffet-car attached available for first- and third-class passengers. The Company's A. B. C. Programme of excursion and week-end facilities from London (Marylebone West-End terminus), Woolwich, Greenwich, and Metropolitan Stations to Stratford-on-Avon, Leicester, Nottingham, Sheffield, Huddersfield, Halifax, Bradford, Leeds, Manchester, Scarborough, Blackpool, Southport, North-East and North-West Coast watering-places, Douglas (Isle of Man), and other holiday resorts reached by the system, can be obtained, free, on application to W. T. Monckton, Marylebone Station, or at any of the Company's Town Offices or Agencies.

An overwhelming proportion of the cyder supplied to the British public is largely adulterated, much containing less than twenty per cent. of apple-juice, and some brands none at all! Whiteway's Devonshire Cyders, manufactured at Whimble, Devon, are a notable exception to this rule. These Cyders, put up in bottles or casks, are made from apples grown in Messrs. Whiteway's own orchards, and are absolutely pure and well matured. Cyder in its natural simplicity is undoubtedly the most wholesome, digestible, and health-giving of all drinks, and Messrs. Whiteway and Co. publish a little booklet which should be of value not only to sufferers from gout, gravel, and disorders of a choleraic nature, but also to all who value a sparkling and invigorating beverage suitable for summer and winter alike. Messrs. Whiteway's London address is 22 and 23, Albert Embankment, S.E.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on June 24.

GOSSIP.

THE markets remain very lifeless, and this is especially noticeable in those investment stocks commonly called gilt-edged securities.

There was a time—it seems ages ago—when the cautious investor could put his savings into the securities of the British Government, or lend to some large municipality, without much fear of making a heavy loss, and in those good and far-off days—the Golden Age—we moderns are wont to believe that everybody was happy; but the careful searcher after truth, who examines the files of *The Sketch* and other reputable papers, is fain to confess that our ancestors were as wont to complain that everything was too high, as their degenerate descendants are to cry out over the long-continued depreciation of the investments into which their savings have been put. The moral of it all seems to be that even the richest nation cannot convert £250,000,000 into gunpowder-smoke without feeling it.

The remarks we made last week about the Sons of Gwalia Company have been confirmed by the report since issued, from which it will be seen that the profit for the year ending December last was at the rate of about £7500 a-month, and that a dividend of 2s. per share is to be recommended. We look forward with confidence to a further distribution of the same amount towards the end of the year.

The circular issued by the United States Brewing Company is not quite as satisfactory, so far as the Preference shareholders are concerned, as we had reason to expect, but holders will be wise to accept the offer of £7 15s. per share, especially as they will, in addition, get the dividend, at the rate of 8 per cent. for the half-year, and this carries the price to over £8. In the case of the Ordinary shares, the offer is above the market price, and we expect there will be no hesitation as to accepting it.

OUR JOHANNESBURG LETTER.

We are able this week to give the remainder of our local Correspondent's letter dealing with the Neumann Mines.

THE NEUMANN GROUP (concluded).

Turning now to the Neumann mines to the west of Johannesburg, the Consolidated Main Reef is distinctly one of the mines which will be watched with interest in the future. It is a large, low-grade proposition which has been tackled most systematically, and much good work is being done at present in preparation for handling a large body of ore to the very best advantage. The mine is laid out with three incline-shafts, all connected by mechanical haulage, while the reduction plant is well planned. It will, when completed, be by far the best-equipped outcrop mine on the Rand. The mill is of 120-stamp capacity. The past crushings with a 40-stamp mill gave a return of about 40s. per ton, with working expenses about 30s. The aim in future would seem to be to reduce costs to, say, from 22s. 6d. to 25s. By treating a larger tonnage the grade may not come up to past returns, but in any case the profit should not be less than 10s. a ton. This is one of the mines that require a sufficient labour supply, as the reefs are too narrow to stope with machine-drills. Last year, the finances of the Company were put on a satisfactory basis, and, in connection with the operation, 76,554 reserve shares were sold at an average price of 51s. 10d. The Company also sold 75,000 shares of its holding in the Main Reef Deep, and 77,000 of its holding in the Main Reef East. In each case the price obtained was about £2 per share. The buyers have, no doubt, a robust faith in the future of the various Companies.

The two subsidiaries (Main Reef Deep and Main Reef East) call for little notice, as no work has been done on them since the War. They are laid out on the same systematic lines as the outcrop mine, and are being worked in conjunction with an adjoining block known as the Main Reef West. An original idea is the arrangement of joint shafts—one separate shaft and one joint shaft for each Company—thereby lessening the cost. Each of the two subsidiaries was provided at the start with £200,000 working capital—100,000 shares subscribed by a wealthy London group at 40s. a share. The bulk of this money in each case must be intact, and, besides, each Company has over 100,000 reserve shares, which, when issued, ought to go a long way to provide the additional capital required.

The Bantjes Consolidated Mines is considered to be one of the lowest-grade propositions on the main reef. It may ultimately be taken in hand after the style of the Consolidated Main Reef. A good quantity of payable ore is exposed in the eastern section of the mine, but much work has yet to be done to prove thoroughly the Company's large area. The Company owns the freehold of the farm, which is a splendid asset. It embraces the beautiful township of Florida, which is to be developed in the immediate future. This Company has very wisely desisted from active work in the troublous times we have passed through, and it is now in the position of being able to take advantage of all the latest economies and improvements in

working when it resumes. The shares present a very fair prospect of improvement in value, as the claim area stands at under £1000 per claim (taking the shares at 30s.), which is very low indeed for a main reef proposition.

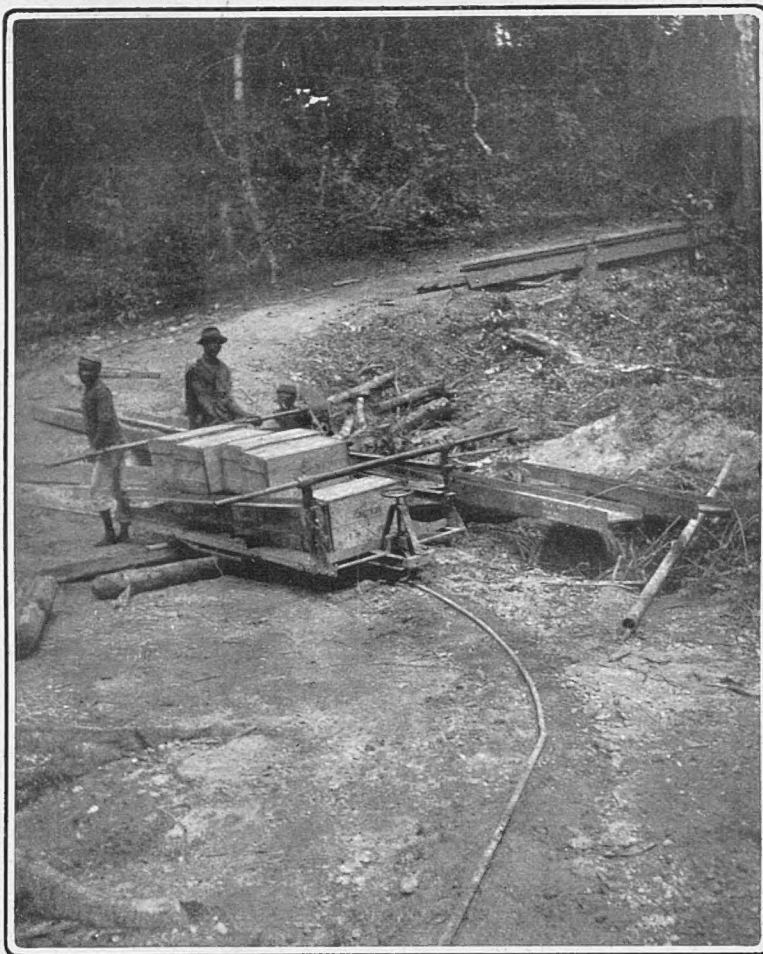
The Vogelstruis Consolidated Deep is the least satisfactory of all the Neumann group of mines on the main reef. Adjoining the Bantjes, it is in the poor region. Two of the three shafts are already in the reef, showing very unsatisfactory results. The third shaft is looked upon as the hope of the Company, it being on the direct dip of a good shoot that is being worked by the Outcrop Company, the Vogelstruis Estates. The mine is well laid out, but a great deal more money has been required than was anticipated, owing to all the shafts having to go down 500 feet further than expected to strike the reef. The financial position of the Company is unsatisfactory, the indebtedness being considerably over £20,000, besides a Debenture debt of more than £100,000. Reconstruction will, no doubt, be resorted to in the near future.

The remaining mines of this group, with the exception of Cloverfield, call for little notice. This latest Neumann flotation is a freehold farm wedged in between Geduld, Welgedacht, and Klipfontein on the Far East Rand. Two bore holes have given very satisfactory results. In one, at 1962 feet, the reef assayed 31.4 dwt. over 17½ inches, and in the other, at 2998 feet, 4 inches of reef (6 inches besides being lost) assayed 1 oz. 8 gr. No information has been given publicly regarding the terms upon which this Company was floated. It is understood the working-capital shares were subscribed at £3, but the public are in the dark as to the amount. The shares came upon the market some months ago at 65s., and have since depreciated considerably.

The Alexandra Estate is a property which is gradually appreciating purely from its surface value and its close proximity to the rising West Rand town of Krugersdorp. Other Neumann properties, such as the Marievale Nigel and Rietkuil, call for no mention here.

A summary of the enormous amounts of working capital raised in one way and another by this group since shortly before the War for the working of their mines

supplies food for reflection. In 1898-99 12,595 shares in the new Modderfontein were taken up under option at £4 a-share, producing £50,380. Last year 40,000 shares in the same Company were subscribed at £10 a-share. The new Modderfontein has thus been provided with £450,380 additional working capital in the period. The Driefontein Deep, floated in 1899, was provided with £250,000, subscribed at £2 per share. Last year the Witwatersrand Deep offered 100,000 shares to shareholders at £4 a-share, guaranteed at 75s. In February 1902 the Knight Central offered 82,548 shares to its shareholders. They applied for 72,785 at £3 per share, the balance being taken up under guarantee at 57s. 6d. The guarantors received an option over a further 29,713 shares at 70s., and this option was exercised in February last. This makes a total of over £350,000 fresh working capital brought into the Knight Central since February 1892. The Wolhuter, by the sale of eight claims to the Meyer and Charlton, raised £105,000—a transaction, however, quite different from any of the others. In 1899 the Consolidated Main Reef raised £240,000 by Debentures; but, as these have since been redeemed by the sale of subsidiaries' shares, the amount need not be taken into account in the total. Each of the two subsidiaries of this Company in 1899 was provided with £200,000 working capital—together, £400,000. The parent Company last year disposed of 76,554 of its reserve shares at an average of 51s. 10d. each—total, £198,402. Besides, it disposed of 75,000 shares in the Main Reef Deep for £148,124, and 77,000 shares in the Main Reef East for £152,570. By these various sales it realised almost exactly £500,000. The Vogelstruis Consolidated Deep raised £122,500 by Debentures in 1898, and since then it has disposed of 24,350 of its reserve shares for £29,818. If we sum up, it will appear that the total working capital provided one way and another for the various Neumann



MONO-RAIL AT WORK IN WEST AFRICA.

From a photograph lent by the Mantramin (Wassau) Company, Limited.

Companies on the Rand since 1898 is well over two and a-half millions sterling, without taking into account the new flotation of Cloverfield.

A reference to the personality of the firm who control these various interests may not be out of place. Apart from the nominal heads, Messrs. S. and L. Neumann, the most active partner is Mr. H. J. King, one of the ablest and shrewdest of all the South African magnates. It is mainly to his credit that such large areas as the New Modderfontein and Consolidated Main Reef have been so successfully consolidated. Mr. C. S. Goldmann, a younger partner, has a brilliant career for so young a man, both financial and literary. His "Witwatersrand Gold Mines" is still the standard work on the subject, and he is the author also of "With General French and the Cavalry in South Africa." To Mr. J. G. Hamilton, the Johannesburg manager, reference has already been made. The firm's Engineering Department is one of the most successfully conducted on the Rand, and it has shown itself capable of doing sound and economical work. Mr. T. H. Leggett, while one of the youngest, is among the most promising engineers on the Rand. Major N. Wilson, D.S.O., in charge of the mechanical engineering department, is also among the foremost in his profession.

AFTER THE KAFFIR FLURRY.

Painting the picture in its darkest colours, and assuming that a score of the chief gold-producers of the Transvaal were to close down for a while, what harm can there be in that? The natives employed now in gold-winning would be put on to development work, and the change is not likely to hurt any of the properties. Of course, the shareholders would have to go without dividends, and this is really the worst aspect of the affair, although in many cases the great Gold Companies have made at least one fairly substantial return to their

proprietors since the end of the War. Development work is just the thing that is wanted at the present stage, for if the market were rampant it would be neglected by every mine-manager eager to encourage a boomlet. We fail to discern anything particularly disquieting in the shutting-down of the mines, and certainly it is a definite step towards the ultimate solution of the eternal labour difficulties. After their recent slump, Knights shares offer a great attraction to the bold speculator.

A LIST OF INVESTMENTS.

From time to time we have put before our readers selections of solid investments that have a fair chance of improving in value, and, as the demand for such stocks is, like the poor, always with us, we submit a few others. For instance, the 4 per cent. Debenture stock of the Canadian Pacific Railway can now be bought to return $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the money. The stock is irredeemable and the dividends are payable in January and July, so that the buyer would receive his first interest next month. As regards security, it appears difficult to find anything safer, and a steady advance on the present price of 114-115 may fairly be looked for. Last year, 118 was touched, which represents nine points above the lowest level of 1902. Or, if the investor wants something still more gilt-edged, he has now a wide range in the 3 per cent. Debenture stocks of the principal Waterworks Companies. Lambeth, New River, West Middlesex, and one or two others all stand between 97 and 98, so that the yield is rather over the round 3 per cent., and, in view of the Bill now before Parliament, these stocks have every chance of being taken over at par by the new authority. Imperial Tobacco Debenture we strongly advised when the price stood about 103, but at the current quotation of 108 the stock can be bought to yield nearly $3\frac{3}{4}$ per cent., although it must be borne in mind that the Company can redeem it at 105 nine years hence. The dividends on this stock are also payable in January and July. For higher rates of interest, the intending buyer cannot go far wrong in Apollinaris 4 per cent. Irredeemable Debenture stock, of which there is less than a million afloat, while the share capital behind it is represented by £2,380,000 in Ordinary and Preference. "Polly" Debenture pays about $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., which is $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. more than can be obtained from Bovril $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Debenture stock—another good specimen of this class. There are half-a-million Bovril Debentures, upon which the next dividend is due at the end of this month, and behind them there are two millions sterling of share capital in receipt of dividends.

THE CANADIAN POSITION.

Those who had the strength of mind to buy Canadian Pacifics when they dropped to 121 last week may congratulate themselves upon having obtained a very cheap investment, for in the neighbourhood of 125 the shares are always worth picking up. Echoes of the flurry are still to be heard from Montreal, and it will probably be some weeks before the difficulties in that city are done with. In the meantime, Canadian Pacifics can be unhesitatingly bought for a sharp rise when the financial position becomes more clear. Manifestly the flurry was due to causes purely extraneous to the railroad, and, now that the bears have possessed themselves of cheap stock, they will probably be as anxious to bring about an upward movement when the sky becomes clearer, as they were to depress the price when monetary troubles placed the market at their mercy. Grand Trunks look a remarkably strong market, and there is every indication of both the junior stocks adding another couple of points to their price, but we prefer Hudson's Bay shares, the price of which has suffered very considerably, without participating to any extent in the subsequent reactions. The shares are worth 45 at least, and will probably go to 50 in time. There is, unfortunately, a fairly big bull account in them, which makes carrying-over an expensive matter, but those who can afford to pay for their shares may buy Hudson's Bays with a pretty certain hope of seeing a handsome profit before long.

Saturday, June 6, 1903.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

D. J. W.—Any respectable broker would arrange to take up a reasonable quantity of American Railway Preference shares for you, and charge you a fixed rate of interest, if you gave him some additional security. If you cannot do this, your best plan would be to buy an option.

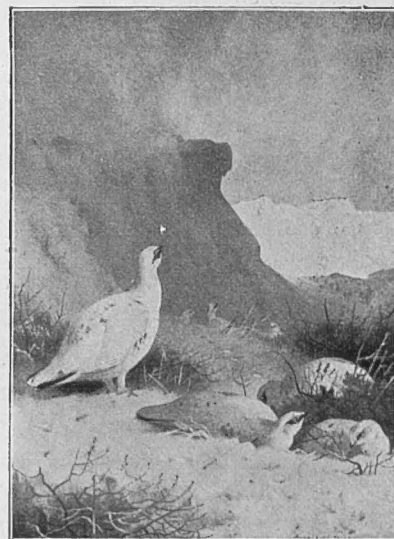
ANXIOUS.—Our opinion is that the shares are highly speculative—far too speculative for our own money.

EVERY MONTH.—(1) Rhodesian gold-mining is, so far, not very satisfactory, and although the Company is highly respectable, we would rather sell than buy in the present state of the market. (2) In any general revival East Rands would probably be among the first to improve. On merits, Rand Mines are far cheaper in our opinion, and you might well effect an exchange. (3) Thank you for the information about Waihis, which we will bear in mind.

We had intended to deal this week with the Liberian charter of the West African Gold Concessions, Limited, but, in consequence of our Johannesburg letter, we have been obliged to hold over the remarks we intended to make on this important West African concern.

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